THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

Τερπόμεθα φόρμιγγι καὶ ἐρχηθμῷ καὶ ἀοιδῇ.



LONDON,
Printed by *N.O.* for *George Norton*, and are to be sold at his Shop without Temple-barre. 1614.

Of his Friend Maiſter *William Browne.*

A Poets borne, not made: No wonder then
Though Spencer, Sidney: (miracles of men,
Sole Engliſh Makers; whoſe eu'n names ſo bie
Expreſſe by implication Poeſy)
Were long unparaleld: For nature bold
In their creation, ſpent that precious mould,
That Nobly better earth, that purer ſpirit
Which Poets, as their Birth-rights, claime t'inherite:
And in their great production, Prodigall,
Careleſſe of futures well-nye ſpent her-all
Veiwing her work: conſcious ſh'had ſuffred wracke
Hath cauſ'd our Countrymen ere ſince to lacke
That better earth, and forme: Long thrifty growne
Who truely might heare Poets, brought forth none:
Till now of late, ſeeing her ſtockes new-full
(By Time, and Thrift) of matter beautifull,
And quint-eſſence of formes; what ſeuerall
Out elder Poets graces had, thoſe all
Shee now determin'd to unite in one,
So to ſurpaſſe her ſelfe; and call'd him Browne.
That beggard by his birth, ſhee's now ſo poore
That of true Makers ſhee can make no more.

Hereof accus'd, answer'd, shee meant that bee
A Species should, no individuum bee.
That (Phœnix-like) *Hee in himselfe should find*
Of Poes, contain'd each severall kind.
And from this Phœnix's *urne, thought shee could take*
whereof all following-Poets well to make.
For of some formes, shee had, now made knowne
They were her errours whilst shee intented Browne.

In libellum, inscriptionem.

Not Æglogues your, but Eclogues: To compare:
Virgil's *selected, yours elected are.*
Hee Imitates, you Make: and this your creature
Expresseth well your Name, and theirs, their Nature.

E. IOHNSON
Int. Temp.

To the truely Vertuous, and worthy of all Honour, the Right Honourable EDVVARD, Lord ZOVCH, Saint MAVRE and CANTELVPE, and one of *his Mᵗⁱᵉˢ. most Honourable Priuy Councell.*

BE pleas'd (great Lord) whē vnderneath the shades
Of your delightfull *Bramſ-hill*, (where the ſpring
Her flowers for gentle blaſts with *Zephire* trades)
Once more to heare a filly Shepheard ſing.
Yours be the pleaſure, mine the Sonneting;
Eu'n that hath his delight, nor ſhall I need
To ſeeke applauſe amongſt the common ſtore
It is enough if this mine-oaten Reed
Pleaſe but the eare it ſhould; I aske no more.
Nor ſhall thoſe rurall notes which heretofore
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfect lye; *Oblivion* ſhall not gaine
Ought on your worth, but ſung ſhall be your name
So long as *England* yeelds or ſong or Swaine.
Free are my lines, though dreſt in lowly ſtate,
And ſcorne to flatter but the men I hate.

Your Honours.

W. BROVVNE.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The first Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Roget and Willy both ymet,
Vpon a greeny Ley,
With Roundelayes and Tales are set.
To spend the length of day.

WILLIE. ROGET.

Willie.

ROGET, droope not, see the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on euery Tree
Greete this morne with melody:
Hearke, how yonder Thrustle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vants it;

See how euery ſtreame is dreſt
By her Margine, with the beſt
Of *Flora's* gifts, ſhe ſeemes glad
For ſuch Brookes ſuch flowres ſhe had.
All the trees are quaintly tyred
With greene buds, of all deſired;
And the Hauthorne euery day,
Spreads ſome little ſhew of May:
See the Prim-roſe ſweetely ſet
By the much-lou'd Violet
All the Bankes do ſweetly couer,
As they would inuite a Louer
With his Laſſe, to ſee their dreſſing
And to grace them by their preſſing:
Yet in all this merry tyde
When all cares are laid aſide,
Roget ſits as if his bloud
Had not felt the quickning good
Of the Sun, nor cares to play,
Or with ſongs to paſſe the day
As he wont: Fye, *Roget* fye,
Raiſe thy head, and merrily
Tune vs ſomewhat to thy reed:
See our Flockes do freely feed,
Heere we may together ſit,
And for Muſicke very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an Eccho ſhrill and good,
Twice full perfectly it will
Anſwere to thine Oaten quill.
Roget, droope not then, but ſing
Some kind welcome to the Spring.

Roget.

AH *Willie, Willy*, why should I,
Sound my notes of iollity?
Since no sooner can I play
Any pleasing Roundelay,
But some one or other still
'Gins to descant on my Quill;
And will say, by this, he me
Meaneth in his Minstralsie.
If I chance to name an Asse
In my song, it comes to passe,
One or other sure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus what e're I chance to do
Happens to my losse, and brings
To my name the venom'd stings
Of ill report: How should I
Sound then notes of iollity?

Willie.

TIs true indeed, we say all
Rub a gal'd horse on the gall,
Kicke he will, storme and bite,
But the horse of sounder plight
Gently feeles his Maisters hand.
In the water thrust a brand
Kindled in the fire, 'twill hisse,
When a sticke that taken is
From the Hedge, in water thrust,
Neuer rokes as would the first,
But endures the waters touch:
Roget, so it fares with such

Whose

Whose owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
Rage when e're their vice is blam'd.
But who in himselfe is free
From all spots, as Lillies be,
Neuer stirres, do what thou can.
If thou slander such a man
Yet he's quiet, for he knowes
With him no such vices close.
Onely he that is indeed
Spotted with the leprous seed
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An vlcerous soule in the path
Of reproofe, he straight will brall
If you rub him on the gall.
But in vaine then shall I keepe
These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe.
And though all the day I tend them,
And from Wolues & Foxes shend them.
Wicked Swaines that beare mee spight,
In the gloomy vaile of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegges,
Or else breake my Lambkins legges:
Or vnhang my Weathers bell,
Or bring bryers from the dell,
And them in my fold by peeces
Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.
Welladay! such churlish Swaynes
Now and then lurke on our plaines:
That I feare, a time, ere long
Shall not heare a Sheepheards song.
Nor a Swayne shall take in taske
Any wrong, nor once vnmaske
Such as do with vices rife
Soyle the Sheepheards happy life:

Except he meanes his Sheepe ſhall bee
A prey to all their iniury.
This cauſeth mee I do no more
Chant ſo as I wont of yore:
Since in vaine then ſhould I keepe
Theſe my harmleſſe flocke of Sheepe.

Willie.

YEt if ſuch thou wilt not ſing,
Make the Woods and Vallies ring
With ſome other kind of lore,
Roget hath enough in ſtore,
Sing of loue, or tell ſome tale,
Praiſe the flowers, the Hils, the Vale:
Let vs not heere idle be;
Next day I will ſing to thee.
Hearke on knap of yonder Hill
Some ſweet Sheepheards tune his quill;
And the Maidens in a round
Sit (to heare him) on the ground.
And if thou begin, ſhall wee
Grac'd be with like company.
And to gird thy Temples bring
Garlands for ſuch fingering.
Then raiſe thee *Roget*.

Roget.

Gentle Swaine
Whom I honour for thy ſtraine,
Though it would beſeeme me more
To attend thee and thy lore:
Yet leaſt thou might'ſt find in me
A neglect of courteſie,
Exce will ſing what I did leere

Long agon in Ianiueere
Of a skilfull aged Sire,
As we tosted by the fire.

Willy.

SIng it out, it needs must be
Very good what comes from thee.

Roget.

WHilome an Emperour prudent and wise,
Raigned in Rome, and had sonnes three
Which he had in great chiertee & great prise,
And when it shop so, that th'infirmitee
Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee
Him threw downe in his bed, hee let do call
His sonnes, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this maneere,
All th'eritage which at the dying
Of my fadir, he me left, all in feere
Leaue I thee: And all that of my buying
Was with my peny, all my purchasing,
My second sonne bequeath I to thee,
And to the third sonne thus said hee:

Vnmoueable good, right none withouten oath
Thee giue I may; but I to thee deuise
Iewels three, a Ring, Brooch and a Cloth:
With which, and thou bee guied as the wise,
Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice;
Who so that the Ring vseth still to weare
Of all folkes the loue hee shall conquere.

And who ſo the Broch beareth on his breaſt,
It is eke of ſuch vertue and ſuch kind,
That thinke vpon what thing him liketh beſt,
And he as blue ſhall it haue and finde.
My words ſonne imprint well in mind:
The Cloth eke hath a meruailous nature,
Which that ſhall be committed to thy cure.

Who ſo ſit on it, if he wiſh where
In all the world to beene, he ſuddenly
Without more labour ſhall be there.
Sonne thoſe three Iewels bequeath I
To thee, vnto this effect certainely
That to ſtudy of the Vniuerſitee
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When he had thus ſaid the vexation
Of death ſo haſted him, that his ſpirit
Anon forſooke his habitation
In his body, death would no reſpyte
Him yeue at all, he was of his life quitte.
And buried was with ſuch ſolemnity,
As fell to his Imperiall dignity.

Of the yongeſt ſonne I tell ſhall,
And ſpeake no more of his brethren two,
For with them haue I not to do at all.
Thus ſpake the mother *Ionathas* vnto:
Sin God hath his will of thy father do:
To thy fathers Will, would I me conforme,
And truly all his Teſtament performe.

He three Iewels, as thou knoweſt well
A Ring, a Brooch, and a Cloth thee bequeath,
Whoſe vertues, he thee told euery deal,
Or that he paſt hence and yalde vp the breath:
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grieuouſly ſticketh vnto mine heart,
But ſuffered not been all how ſore it ſmart.

In that caſe women haue ſuch heauineſſe,
That it not lyeth in my cunning aright
You tell, of ſo great ſorrow the exceſſe,
But wiſe women can take it light,
And in ſhort while put vnto the flight
All ſorrow & woe, and catch againe comfort,
Now to my tale make I my reſort.

Thy fathers will, my ſonne, as I ſaid ere,
Will I performe, haue heere the ring and go
To ſtudy anon, and when that thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, do euen ſo,
And as thou wilt my bleſſing haue alſo:
Shee vnto him as ſwythe tooke the Ring
And bad him keepe it well, for any thing.

Hee went vnto the ſtudy generall
Where he gat loue enough, and acquaintance
Right good and friendly, the ring cauſing all,
And on a day to him befell this chance,
With a woman, a morſell of pleaſance
By the ſtreetes of the Vniuerſity,
As he was in his walking, met he.

And

nd right as bliue he had with her a tale,
nd therewithall sore in her loue he brent,
ay, fresh and piked was she to the sale,
or to that end, and to that intent
he thither came, and both forth they went:
And he a pistle rowned in her eare,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there.

he was his Paramour shortly to sey,
his man to folkes all was so leefe,
hat they him gaue aboundance of money,
e feasted folke, and stood at high boucheefe:
f the lacke of good, hee felt no griefe,
All whiles the ring he with him had,
But fayling it, his friendship gan fad.

is Paramour which that ycalled was
ellicula, marualled right greatly
f the dispences of this *Ionathas*,
n she no peny at all with him sy,
nd on a night as there she lay him by
In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,
And this petition assoile him praid.

reuerent sir, vnto whom quoth she,
bey I would ay with hearts humblenesse,
nce that ye han had my virginitie,
u I beseech of your high gentlenesse,
ellith me whence comth the good and richesse
That yee with feasten folke, and han no store,
By ought I see can, ne gold, ne tresore.

If I tell it, quoth he, par auenture
Thou wilt discouer it, and out it publish,
Such is womans inconstant nature,
They cannot keep Councell worth a rish:
Better is my tongue keepe, than to wish
That I had kept close that is gone at large,
And repentance is thing that I mote charge.

Nay good sir, quoth she, holdeth me not suspect
Doubteth nothing, I can be right secree,
Well worthy were it me to been abiect
From all good company, if I quoth she
Vnto you should so mistake me.
Be not adread your councell me to shew.
Well, said he, thus it is at words few.

My father the ring which that thou maist see
On my finger. me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this vertue and propertee
Hath, that the loue of men he shall haue aye
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh aske & craue
But with good will, he shall as bliue it haue.

Through the rings vertuous excellence
Thus am I rich, and haue euer ynow.
Now Sir, yet a word by your licence
Suffreth me to say, and to speake now:
Is it wisedome, as that it seemeth you,
Weare it on your finger continually?
What wouldst thou meane, quoth he, therby?

What peril! thereof might there befall?
Right great, quoth ſhe, as yee in company
Walke often, fro your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery
And ſo be loſt, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,
For as my life keepe it would I certeine.

This *Ionathas*, this innocent yong man,
Giuing vnto her words full credence,
As youth not auiſed beſt be can:
The Ring her tooke of his inſipience.
When this was done, the heat & the feruence
Of loue which he beforne had purchaſed,
Was quench'd, and loues knot was vnlaced.

Men of their gifts to ſtint began.
Ah thought he, for the ring I not ne beare,
Faileth my loue; fetch me woman
(Said he) my Ring, anon I will it weare.
She roſe, and into chamber dreſſeth her,
And when ſhe therein had been a while,
Alaſſe (quoth ſhe) out on falſhood and gyle.

The cheſt is broken, and the Ring take out,
And when he heard her complaint and cry,
He was aſtonied ſore, and made a ſhout,
And ſaid, Curſed be the day that I
Thee met firſt, or with mine eyne ſy.
She wept and ſhewed outward cheere of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing ſo.

The ring was safe enough, and in her Cheſt
It was, all that ſhe ſaid was leaſing,
As ſome woman other while at beſt
Can lye and weepe when is her liking.
This man ſaw her woe, and ſayd Dearling
Weep no more, Gods helpe is nye,
To him vnwiſte how falſe ſhe was and ſlye.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree
Vnto his mother the ſtreight way he went,
And when ſhe ſaw thither comen was he,
My ſonne, quoth ſhe, what was thine intent
Thee, fro the ſchoole, now to abſent?
What cauſed thee fro ſchoole hither to hye?
Mother, right this, ſaid he, nat would I lye.

Forſooth mother, my ring is a goe,
My Paramour to keepe I betooke it,
And it is loſt, for which I am full woe,
Sorrowfully vnto mine heart it ſit.
Sonne, often haue I warned thee, and yet
For thy profit I warne thee my ſonne,
Vnhoneſt women thou hereafter ſhunne.

Thy brooch anon right woll I to thee fet,
She brought it him, and charged him full deep
When he it tooke, and on his breaſt it ſet,
Bet than his ring he ſhould it keepe,
Leſt he the loſſe bewaile ſhould and weepe.
To the vniuerſity ſhortly to ſeyne
In what he could, he haſted him ageine.

And when he comenwas, his Paramour
Him met anon, and vnto her him tooke
As that he did erſt, this yong reuelour,
Her company he nat a deale forſooke,
Though he cauſe had, but as with the hooke
Of her ſleight, he beforne was caught and heat,
Right ſo he was deceiued oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the Ring before
Of good he had abundance and plentee
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right ſo through vertue of the brooch had hee
What good him liſt; ſhe thought, how may this be,
Some priuy thing now cauſeth this richeſſe:
As did the Ring herebefore I geſſe.

Wondring hereon ſhe praid him, and beſought
Beſily night and day, that tell he would
The cauſe of this; but he another thought,
He meant it cloſe for him it kept be ſhould,
And a long time it was or he it told.
She wept aye too and too, and ſaid alaſſe,
The time and houre that euer I borne was!

Truſt ye not on me Sir? ſhe ſeid,
Leuer me were be ſlaine in this place,
By that good Lord that for vs all deid,
Then purpoſe againe you any fallace;
Vnto you would I be my liues ſpace
As true, as any woman in earth is
Vnto a man doubteth nothing of this.

Small

Small may she doe, that cannot well byheet,
Though not performed be such a promesse.
This *Ionathas* thought her words so sweet,
That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse
Of them, and of his fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Thus vnto her he spake, and said tho,
Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so?

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing,
Sir quoth she, my heauinesse and dreed
Is this; I am adread of the leesing
Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbeed
It happen so: Now what so God thee speed,
Said he, wouldest thou in this case counsaile.
Quoth she, that I keep it might sans faile.

He said, I haue a feare and dread algate,
If I so did thou wouldst it leese
As thou lostest my ring, now gon but late,
First God pray I quoth she, that I not cheese,
But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,
Or else be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire.

To her words credence he gaue pleneere,
And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,
Whereas he was beforne full leefe and cheere
To folke, and had good, all was gone,
Good & frendship him lacked, there was none.
Woman, me fetch the brooch quoth he, swythee
Into thy chamber for it goe; hye thee.

he into chamber went, as then he bad,
ut she not brought that he sent her fore,
he meant it n it, but as she had be mad
er clothes hath she all to rent and tore,
nd cryd alasse, the brooch away is bore.
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My selfe slay, I am weary of my life.

his noice he heard, and blive he to her ran,
eening she would han done as she spake,
nd the knife in all haste that he can
rom her tooke, and threw it behind his back,
nd said, ne for the losse, ne for the lacke
Of the brooch, sorrow not, I forgiue all,
I trust in God, that yet vs helpe he shall.

o th' Empereſſe his mother this yong man
gaine him dreſſeth, he went her vnto,
nd when she saw him, she to wonder gan,
he thought now somewhat there is misdoe,
nd said, I dread thy Iewels two
Been lost now, perdase the brooch with the ring.
Mother he said, yea, by heauen King.

onne, thou wotst well no iewell is left
nto thee now, but the cloath pretious
hich I thee take shall, thee charging eft
he company of women riotous
hou flee, least it be to thee so grieuous
That thou it nat sustaine shalt ne beare
Such company on my blessing forbeare.

The cloth she felt, and it hath him take,
And of his Lady his mother, his leaue
He tooke, but first this forward gan he make:
Mother said he, trusteth this weel and leeue,
That I shall seyn, for sooth ye shall it preeue,
If I leese this cloth, neuer I your face,
Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

With Gods helpe I shall do well ynow,
Her blessing he tooke, and to study is go,
And as beforne told haue I vnto you,
His Paramour his priuy mortall foe
Was wont to meet him, right euen so
She did than, & made him pleasant cheere:
They clip and kisse and walke homeward in feere.

When they were entred in the house, he sprad
This cloth vpon the ground, and thereon sit,
And bad his Paramour, this woman bad,
To sit also by him adowne on it.
She doth as he commandeth, and bit,
Had she this thought and vertue of the cloth
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for a while was full sore affesed.
This *Ionathas* wish in his heart gan:
Would God that I might thus been eased,
That as on this cloth I and this woman
Sit heare, as farre were, as that neuer man
Or this came, & vnneth had he so thought,
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Righ

Right to the worlds end, as that it were.
When apparceiued had ſhe this, ſhe cry'd
As though ſhe through girt had be with a ſpere.
Harrow! alaſſe that euer ſhope this tide!
How came we hither? Nay, he ſaid, abide,
Worſe is coming, here ſole wole I thee leaue
Wild beaſts ſhallen thee deuoure or eaue.

For thou my *Ring* & *Brooch* haſt fro me holden.
O reuerent Sir! haue vpon me pittee,
Quoth ſhe, if yee this grace do me wolden,
As bring me home againe to the Cittee
Where as I this day was, but if that yee
Them haue againe, of foule death do me dye
Your bountee on me kythe, I mercy cry,

This *Ionathas* could nothing beware,
Ne take enſample of the deceites tweine
That ſhe did him beforne, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on deaths peine
Fro ſuch offences thenceforth her reſtreine:
She ſwore, and made thereto foreward,
But herkneth how ſhe bore her afterward.

Whan ſhe ſaw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and paſt,
And all was well: ſhe thought him eft to fire,
In her malice aye ſtood ſhe ſtedfaſt,
And to enquire of him was not agaſt
In ſo ſhort time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her contree.

Such vertue hath this cloth on which we ſit,
Said he, that where in this world vs be liſt
Sodeinly with the thought ſhallen thither flit,
And how thither come vnto vs vnwiſt:
As thing fro farre, vnknowne in the miſt.
And therwith, to this woman fraudulent
To ſleep he ſaid, haue I good talent.

Let ſee, quoth he, ſtretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head downe lay and reſt.
So was it done, and he anon gan nap,
Napꝑ nay, he ſlept right well, at beſt,
What doth this woman, one the fickleſt
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Vnder him, ſhe drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan ſhe it had all: would God, quoth ſhe,
I were as I was this day morning!
And therewith this root of iniquitee
Had her wiſh, and ſole left him there ſleeping.
O *Ionathas*! like to thy periſhing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakeſt, cauſe haſt thou to be ferd

But thou ſhalt do full well, thou ſhalt obteene
Victory on her, thou haſt done ſome deed
Pleaſant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite ſhall thy meed,
And thee deliuer out of thy wofull dreed.
The child whom that the mother vſeth bleſſe
Full often ſythe is eaſed in diſtreſſe.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
Woman ne Cloth, he wept bitterly,
And said, Alasse! now is there in no lond
Man worse I know begon then am I
On euery side his looke he cast, and sy
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,
And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose sight he full sore was agrysed,
He thought all this well deserued I haue,
What ayled me to be so euill auised,
That my counsell could I nat keepe and saue?
Who can foole play? who can mad and raue?
But he that to a woman his secree
Discouereth, the smart cleaueth now on me.

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,
And forth of auenture his way is went,
But whitherward he draw, he conceitlesse
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.
He past a water which was so feruent
That flesh vpon his feet left it him none,
All cleane was departed from the bone.

It hope so that hee had a little glasse,
Which with that water anon filled he
And whan he further in his way gone was,
Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That faire fruit bore, and in great plentee:
He eate thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through became a foule mesel.

For which vnto the ground for sorrow and wo
He fell, and said, cursed be that day
That I was borne, and time and houre also
That my mother conceiued me, for ay
Now am I lost; alasse and well away!
And when some deel slaked his heauinesse,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another water before him he sye,
Which (sore) to comen in he was adrad:
But natheless, since thereby, other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought so streitly am I bestad,
That though it sore me affese or gast,
Assoile it wole I, and through it he past.

And right as the first water his flesh
Departed from his feet, so the secownd
Restored it, and made all whole and fresh:
And glad was he, and ioyfull that stownd
Whan he felt his feet whole were and sound:
A violl of the water of that brooke
He fild, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his iourney this *Ionathas* held,
And as he his looke about him cast,
Another tree from a farre he beheld,
To which he hasted, and him hied fast,
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrast
Into his mouth, and eate of it sadly,
And of the lepry he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught,& thence is gone
And a faire Caſtle from a farre, ſaw he
In compaſſe of which,heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well ſee,
But not for that he ſhun would,or flee,
He thither him dreſſeth the ſtreight way
In that euer that he can or may.

Walking ſo,two men came him ageine,
And ſaiden thus: deere friend we you pray
What man be ye? Sirs,quoth he,certeine
A leech I am, and though my ſelfe it ſay,
Can for the health of ſicke folkes well purueay.
They ſaid him,of yonder caſtle the King
A leper is,and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath bin many a ſundry leech
That vndertooke him well to cure and heale
On paine of their heads, but all to ſeech
Their Art was, 'ware that thou not with him deale,
But if thou canſt the charter of health enſeale;
Leaſt that thou leeſe thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wiſe thou finde it ſhall no pley.

Sirs,ſaid he,you thanke I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit:
But I nat dread to looſe mine heed,
By Gods helpe full ſafe keepe I will it,
God of his grace ſuch cunning and wit
Hath lent me, that I hope I ſhall him cure,
Full well dare I me put in auenture.

They to the kings presence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the second tree
He gaue to eate, and bad him to be glad,
And said, anon your health han shall yee;
Eke of the second water him gaue he
To drinke, & whan he those two had receiued
His Lepry from him voided was and weiued.

The King (as vnto his high dignity
Conuenient was) gaue him largely,
And to him said, If that it like thee
Abiden here, I more habundantly
Thee giue wole. My Lord sickerly,
Quoth he, faine would I your pleasure fulfill.
And in your high presence abide still.

But I no while may with you abide
So mochill haue I to done elsewhere.
Ionathas euery day to the sea side
Which was nye, went, to looke and enquere
If any ship drawing thither were
Which him home to his country lead might,
And on a day of ships had he sight.

Well a thirty, toward the Castle draw,
And at time of Euensong, they all
Arriueden, of which he was full faw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call,
And said, if it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my countree
Me bring would, well quit should he bee.

And

And told them whither that they ſhoulden go.
One of the ſhipmen forth ſtart at laſt,
And to him ſaid, my ſhip and no moe
Of them that here been, doth ſhope and caſt
Thither to wend; let ſee, tell on faſt,
Quoth the ſhipman, that thou for my trauaile
Me giue wilt, if that I thither ſaile.

They were accorded, *Ionathas* forth goeth
Vnto the King to aske him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And nathleſſe with his beneuolence,
This *Ionathas* from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the ſhipman
His way he taketh, as ſwyth as he can.

Into the ſhip he entreth, and as bliue
As winde and wether good ſhope to be,
Thither as he purpoſed him arriue
They ſailed forth, and came to the Cittee
In which this Serpentine woman was, ſhee
That had him terned with falſe deceitis,
But where no remedy followeth, ſtreit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime; though they put been in delay.
But to my purpoſe, ſhe deemed he had
Been deuoured with beaſts many a day
Gone, ſhe thought he deliuered was for ay.
Folke of the Citty knew not *Ionathas*,
So many a yeare was paſt, that he there was.

Misliking and thought changed eke his face,
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the Cittie, he hired him a place,
And therein exercised his cunning
Of Physicke, to whom weren repairing
Many a sicke wight, and all were healed,
Well was the sick man that with him dealed.

Now shope it thus that this *Fellicula*,
(The well of deceiuable doubleneſſe,
Follower of the steps of *Dallida*)
Was than exalted vnto high richeſſe,
But she was fallen into great sickneſſe
And heard seine, for not might it been hid
How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemne to him she sent,
Praying him to do so mochill labour
As come and see her; and he thither went:
Whan he her saw, that she his Paramour
Had been, he well knew, and for that dettour
To her he was, her he thought to quite
Or he went, and no longer it respite.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat
He saw her vrine, and eke felt her pous,
And said, the sooth is this plaine and flat,
A sickneſſe han yee strange and merualous,
Which to auoid is wonder dangerous:
To heale you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can finde none.

Auiseth

Auiſeth you whether you liſt it take
Or not, for I told haue you my wit.
Ah ſir, ſaid ſhe, for Gods ſake,
That way me ſhew, and I ſhall follow it
What euer it be: for this ſickneſſe ſit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how,
Me to demene, tell on I pray yow.

Lady yee muſt openly you confeſſe,
And if againſt good conſcience and right,
Any good han ye take more or leſſe,
Beforne this houre, of any manner wight,
Yeeld it anon; elſe not in the might
Of man is it, to giue a medicine
That you may heale of your ſicknes & pine.

If any ſuch thing be, tell out it reed,
And yee ſhall been all whole I you beheet;
Elſe mine Art is naught withouten dreed.
O Lord ſhe thought health is a thing ful ſweet
Therewith deſire I ſouerainly to meet:
Since I it by confeſſion may recouer,
A foole am I but I my guilt diſcouer.

How falſely to the ſonne of th'Emperour
Ionathas, had ſhe done, before them all
As yee han heard aboue, all that errour
By knew ſhe, ô *Fellicula* thee call
Well may I ſo, for of the bitter gall
Thou takeſt the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of ſhame.

Than

Than said *Ionathas*, where are those three
Iewels, that thee fro the Clerke with-drew?
Sit in a Coffer at my beds feet, yee
Shall finde them; open it, and so pray I you.
He thought not to make it queint and tow
And say nay, and streine courtesie,
But with right good will thither he gan hye.

The Coffer he opened, and them there fond,
Who was a glad man but *Ionathas*? who
The ring vpon a finger of his hond
He put, and the brooch on his breast also,
The cloth eke vnder his arme held he tho;
And to her him dresseth to done his cure.
Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke
That she her had vnto him mis bore.
And of that water her he gaue to drinke,
Which that his flesh from his bones before
Had twined, where through he was almost lore
Nad he relieued been, as ye aboue
Han heard, and this he did eke for her loue.

Of the fruit of the tree he gaue her ete,
Which that him made into the Leper stert,
And as bliue in her wombe gan they fret
And gnaw so, that change gan her hert,
Now harkneth how it her made smert.
Her wombe opened, & out fell each intraile
That in her was, thus it is said sans faile.

Thus wretchedly (lo) this guile-man dyde,
And *Ionathas* with iewels three
No lenger there thought to abide,
But home to the Empreſſe his mother haſteth he,
Whereas in ioy, and in proſperitee
His life led he to his dying day,
And ſo God vs grant that we doe may.

Willy.

By my hooke this is a Tale
Would befit our Whitſon-ale:
Better cannot be I wiſt,
Deſcant on it he that liſt,
And full gladly giue I wold
The beſt Coſſet in my fold,
And a Mazor for a fee,
If this ſong thou'lt teachen me.
Tis ſo quaint and fine a lay,
That vpon our reuell day
If I ſung it, I might chance
(For my paines) be tooke to danee
With our Lady of the May.

Roget.

Roget will not ſay thee nay,
If thou deem'ſt it worth thy paines.
Tis a ſong, not many Swaines
Singen can, and though it be
Not ſo deckt with nycetee
Of ſweet words full neatly chuſed
As are now by Shepheards vſed:
Yet if well you ſound the ſence,
And the Morals excellence,
You ſhall finde it quit the while,

And

And excuſe the homely ſtile.
Well I wot, the man that firſt
Sung this Lay, did quench his thirſt,
Deeply as did euer one
In the Muſes *Helicon*.
Many times he hath been ſeen
With the Fairies on the greene,
And to them his Pipe did ſound,
Whilſt they danced in a round.
Mickle ſolace would they make him,
And at mid-night often wake him,
And conuey him from his roome
To a field of yellow broome;
Or into the Medowes, where
Mints perfume the gentle Aire,
And where *Flora* ſpends her treaſure:
There they would begin their meaſure.
If it chanc'd nights ſable ſhrowds
Muffled *Cinthia* vp in clowds;
Safely home, they then would ſee him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him.
There are few ſuch ſwaines as he
Now adayes for harmony.

Willie.

What was he thou praiſeſt thus?

Roget.

Scholler vnto *Tityrus*.
Tityrus the braueſt Swaine
Euer liued on the plaine,
Taught him how to feed his Lambes,
How to cure them, and their Dams:
How to pitch the fold, and then,
How he ſhould remoue agen:

Taught him when the Corne was ripe,
How to make an Oaten Pipe,
How to ioyne them, how to cut them,
When to open, when to shut them,
And with all the skill he had
Did instruct this willing lad.

Willie.

Happy surely was that Swaine!
And he was not taught in vaine:
Many a one that prouder is,
Han not such a song as this;
And haue garlands for their meed,
That but iarre a *Skeltons* reed.

Roget.

Tis too true: But see the Sunne
Hath his iourney fully run;
And his horses all in sweate,
In the Ocean coole their heate;
Seuer we our sheepe and fold them,
T'will be night ere we haue told them.

THOMAS OCCLEEVE, *one of the priuy Seale, composed first this tale, and was neuer till now imprinted. As this shall please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. He wrote in* CHAVCERS *time.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The ſecond Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Two Shepheards here complaine the wrong
Done by a ſwiniſh Lout,
That brings his Hogges their Sheepe among,
And ſpoyles the Plaine throughout.

WILLIE. IOCKIE.

Willie.

IOCKIE, ſay: what might he be
That ſits on yonder hill?
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So vncouth and ſo ſhril?

Iockie.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
I haue not heard beforne

One

One ſo miſtooke as *Willie* now,
Tis ſome Sow-gelders horne.
And well thou asken mighteſt if I
Do know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his Minſtralſie
Requires ſuch patience.
He is a Swinward, but I thinke
No Swinward of the beſt.
For much he reketh of his ſwinke,
And carketh for his reſt.

Willie.

Harme take the Swine! What makes he heere?
What luckleſſe planets frownes
Haue drawne him and his Hogges in feere
To root our daiſied downes.
Ill mote hee thriue! and may his Hogges
And all that ere they breed
Be euer worried by our Dogges,
For ſo preſumptuous deed.
Why kept hee not among the Fennes?
Or in the Copſes by,
Or in the Woods, and braky glennes,
Where Hawes and Acornes lye?
About the Ditches of the Towne,
Or Hedge-rowes hee might bring them.

Iockie.

But then ſome pence 'twould coſt the Clowne
To yoke and eke to ring them.
And well I weene he loues no coſt
But what is for his backe:
To goe full gay him pleaſeth moſt,
And lets his belly lacke.

Two ſutes he hath, the one of blew,
The other home-ſpun gray:
And yet he meanes to make a new
Againſt next reuell day;
And though our May-lord at the feaſt
Seem'd very trimly clad,
In cloth by his owne mother dreſt,
Yet comes not neere this lad.
His bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
His ſhooes with ſtrings of leather red,
And ſtocking to his ſlop.
And yet for all it comes to paſſe,
He not our gybing ſcapes:
Some like him to a trimmed Aſſe,
And ſome to lacke-an-Apes.

Willie.

It ſeemeth then by what is ſaid,
That *Iockie* knowes the Boore;
I would my ſcrip and hooke haue laid
Thou knewſt him not before.

Iockie.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell,
(If fortune ought can doe)
Not kend him? Yes. I ken him well
And ſometime paid for't too.

Willie.

Would *Iockie* euer ſtoope ſo low,
As coniſſance to take
Of ſike a Churle? Full well I know
No Nymph of ſpring or lake,

No Heardesse, nor no shepheards gerle
But faine would sit by thee,
And Sea-nymphs offer shells of perle
For thy sweet melodie.
The Satyrs bring thee from the woods
The Straw-berrie for hire,
And all the first fruites of the budds
To wooe thee to their quire.
Silvanus songsters learne thy straine,
For by a neighbour spring
The Nightingale records againe
What thou dost primely sing.
Nor canst thou tune a Madrigall,
Or any dreary mone,
But Nymphs, or Swaines, or Birds, or all
Permit thee not alone.
And yet (as though deuoid of these)
Canst thou so low decline,
As leaue the louely *Naids*
For one that keepeth Swine?
But how befell it?

Iockie.

Tother day
As to the field I set me,
Neere to the May-pole on the way
This sluggish Swinward met me.
And seeing *Weptol* with him there,
Our fellow-swaine and friend,
Bad, good day, so on did fare
To my prepoſed end.
But as backe from my wintring ground
I came the way before,
This rude groome all alone I found
Stand by the Ale-house dore.

There was no nay but I muſt in
And taſte a cuppe of Ale;
Where on his pot he did begin
To ſtammer out a tale.
He told me how he much deſir'd
Th'acquaintance of vs Swaines,
And from the forreſt was retir'd
To graze vpon our plaines:
But for what cauſe I cannot tell,
He can nor pipe nor ſing,
Nor knowes he how to digge a well,
Nor neatly dreſſe a ſpring:
Nor knowes a trappe nor ſnare to till;
He ſits as in a dreame;
Nor ſcarce hath ſo much whiſtling skill
Will hearten on a teame.
Well, we ſo long together were,
I gan to haſte away,
He licenc'd me to leaue him there,
And gaue me leaue to pay.

Willie.

Done like a Swinward; may you all
That cloſe with ſuch as he,
Be vſed ſo! that gladly fall
Into like company.
But if I faile not in mine Art,
Ile ſend him to his yerd,
And make him from our plaines depart
With all his durty herd.
I wonder he hath ſuffred been
Vpon our Common heere,
His Hogges doe root our yonger treen
And ſpoyle the ſmelling breere.

Our pureſt welles they wallow in,
All ouer-ſpred with durt,
Nor will they from our Arbours lin,
But all our pleaſures hurt.
Our curious benches that we build
Beneath a ſhady tree,
Shall be orethrowne, or ſo defilde
As we would loath to ſee.
Then ioyne we *Iockie*; for the reſt
Of all our fellow Swaines,
I am aſſur'd will doe their beſt
To rid him fro our plaines.

Iockie.

What is in me ſhall neuer faile
To forward ſuch a deed.
And ſure I thinke wee might preuaile
By ſome Satyricke reed.

Willie,

If that will doe, I know a lad
Can hit the maiſter-vaine.
But let vs home, the skyes are ſad,
And clouds diſtill in raine.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

THE ARGVMENT.

Old NEDDY's *pouertie they mone,*
Who whilome was a Swaine
That had more Sheepe himselfe alone,
Then ten vpon the plaine,

PIERS. THOMALIN.

Thomalin.

WHere is euery piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white thee
Tell me: Is it Holy-day,
Or if in the Month of May
Vse they long to sleepe?

Pi

Piers.

Thomalin 'tis not too late,
For the *Turtle* and her mate
Sitten yet in neſt:
And the *Thruſſle* hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green
But attends her reſt.
Not a bird hath taught her yong,
Nor her mornings leſſon ſung
In the ſhady groue:
But the Nightingale in darke
Singing, woke the mounting *Larke*
She records her loue.
Not the *Sun* hath with his beames
Guilded yet our chriſtall ſtreames
Riſing from the Sea,
Miſts do crowne the mountaines tops,
And each pretty mirtle drops,
Tis but newly day.
Yet ſee yonder (though vnwiſt)
Some man commeth in the miſt;
Haſt thou him beheld?
See he croſſeth or'e the land
With a dogg and ſtaffe in hand,
Limping for his eld.

Thomalin.

Yes, I ſee him, and doe know him,
And we all do reu'rence owe him,
Tis the aged Sire
EDDY, that was wont to make
Such great feaſting at the wake,
And the * bleſſing-fire.

* *The Midſummer fires are tearmed ſo in the weſt parts of England.*

Good old man! see how he walkes
Painfull and among the balkes
Picking lockes of wull:
I haue knowne the day when he
Had as much as any three,
When their lofts were full.
Vnderneath yond hanging rockes
All the valley with his Flockes
Was whilome ouer-spread:
Hee had milch-goates without peeres,
Well-hung kine, and fatned steeres
Many hundred head.
WILKINS cote his Dairy was,
For a dwelling it may passe
With the best in towne.
Curds and Creame with other cheare,
Haue I had there in the yeare
For a greeny gowne.
Lasses kept it, as againe
Were not fitted on the plaine
For a lusty dance:
And at parting, home would take vs,
Hawnes or Sillibubs to make vs
For our iouisance.
And though some in spight would tell,
Yet old NEDDY tooke it well;
Bidding vs againe
Neuer at his Cote be strange:
Vnto him that wrought this change,
Mickle be the paine!

Piers.

What disaster THOMALIN
This mischance hath clothed him in,
Quickly tellen me;

Rue I doe his ſtate the more,
That hee clipped heretofore
Some felicity.
Han by night accurſed theeues
Slaine his Lambs, or ſtoine his Beeues?
Or conſuming fire
Brent his ſhearing-houſe, or ſtall;
Or a deluge drowned all?
Tell me it intire.
Haue the Winters been ſo ſet
To raine and ſnow, they haue wet
All his drieſt Laire:
By which meanes his ſheepe haue got
Such a deadly cureleſſe rot,
That none liuing are?
Thomalin.
Neither waues, nor theeues, nor fire,
Nor haue rots impoor'd this Sire,
Suretiſhip, nor yet
Was the vſurer helping on
With his damn'd extortion,
Nor the chaines of debt.
But deceit that euer lies
Strongeſt arm'd for treacheries
In a boſom'd friend:
That (and onely that) hath brought it.
Curſed be the head that wrought it!
And the baſeſt end.
Groomes he had, and he did ſend them
With his heards a field, to tend them,
Had they further been;
Sluggiſh, lazy, thriftleſſe elues,
Sheep had better kept themſelues
From the Foxes teen.

Some would kill their sheepe, and then
Bring their maister home agen
Nothing but the skin;
Telling him, how in the morne
In the fold they found them torne,
And nere lying lin.
If they went vnto the faire
With a score of fatned ware,
And did chance to sell,
If old NEDDY had againe
Halfe his owne; I dare well saine,
That but seldome fell.
They at their returne would say,
Such a man, or such would pay,
Well knowne of your Hyne.
Alas poore man! that subtill knaue
Vndid him, and vaunts i braue
Though his Maister pine.
Of his maister he would begg
Such a lambe that broke his legg,
And if there were none:
To the fold by night hee'd hye,
And them hurt full rufully
Or with staffe or stone.
Hee would haue petitions new,
And for desp'rate debts would sue
NEDDY had forgot:
He would grant: the other then
Tares from poore and aged men:
Or in Iayles they rot.
NEDDY lately rich in store,
Giuing much, deceiued more,
On a sudden fell;

Then

Then the Steward lent him gold,
Yet no more then might bee told
Worth his maisters Cell.
That is gone, and all beside,
(Well-a-day, alacke the tide)
In a hollow den,
Vnderneath yond gloomy wood
Wons he now, and wails the brood
Of ingrateful men.

Piers.

But alas! now hee is old,
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
What is left him?
Or to succour, or releeue him,
Or from wants oft to repreeue him

Thomalin.

Al's bereft him,
Saue he hath a little crowd,
(Hee in youth was of it prowd)
And a dogge to dance:
With them, he on holy-dayes
In the Farmers houses playes
For his sustenance.

Piers.

See; he's neere, let's rise and meet him,
And with dues to old age, greet him,
It is fitting so.

Thomalin.

Tis a motion good and sage,
Honour still is due to age:
Vp, and let vs go.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

THE FOVRTH EGLOGVE.

THE ARGVMENT.

In this the Author bewailes the death of one whom he shadoweth vnder the name of Philarete, *compounded of the Greeke words φι ος and ἀρετὴ, a louer of vertue, a name well befitting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loued (and now as much lamented) friend* Mr THOMAS MANVVOOD, *sonne to the worthy Sir* PETER MANVVOOD *Knight.*

VNDER an aged Oke was WILLY laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with ioy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,
And from their maisters wood the neighbring flockes:
But now o're-come with dolors deepe
That nye his heart-strings rent,
Ne car'd he for his silly sheepe,
Ne car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For vncouth paths vnknowne,
Where none but trees might heare his plaints,
And eccho rue his mone.

Autumni

Autumne it was, when droop't the ſweeteſt floures,
And Riuers (ſwolne with pride) orelook'd the bankes,
Poore grew the day of *Summers* golden houres,
And void of ſapp ſtood *Ida's* Cedar-rankes,

The pleaſant meadows ſadly lay
In chill and cooling ſweats
By riſing fountaines, or as they
Fear'd Winters waſtfull threats.

Againſt the broad-ſpred Oke,
Each winde in fury beares;
Yet fell their leaues not halfe ſo faſt
As did the Shepheards teares.

As was his ſeate, ſo was his gentle heart,
Meeke and deiected, but his thoughts as hye
As thoſe aye-wandring lights, who both impart
Their beames on vs, and heauen ſtill beautifie.

Sad was his looke, (ô heauy Fate!
That Swaine ſhould be ſo ſad
Whoſe merry notes the forlorne mate
With greateſt pleaſure clad.)

Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the Chriſtall Floods,
And thus his griefe tooke airie wings
And flew about the woods.

Day

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too ſparing of a wiſhed ſtay,
Yee wandring lampes: ô be ye fixt a ſpace!
Some other *Hemiſphere* grace with your ray.

Great *Phœbus*! *Daphne* is not heree,
Nor *Hyacinthus* faire;
Phœbe! *Endimion* and thy deere
Hath long ſince cleft the aire.

But yee haue ſurely ſeene
(Whom we in ſorrow miſſe)
A Swaine whom *Phœbe* thought her loue,
And *Titan* deemed his.

But he is gone; then inwards turne your light,
Behold him there; here neuer ſhall you more;
O're-hang this ſad plaine with eternall night!
Or change the gaudy green ſhe whilome wore

To fenny blacke. HYPERION great
To aſhy paleneſſe turne her!
Greene well befits a louers heate
But blacke beſeemes a mourner.

Yet neither this thou canſt,
Nor ſee his ſecond birth,
His brightneſſe blindes thine eye more now,
Then thine did his on earth.

Let not a ſhepheard on our hapleſſe plaines,
Tune notes of glee, as vſed were of yore!
For PHILARET is dead, let mirthfull ſtraines
With PHILARETS ceaſe for euermore!

And if a fellow ſwaine doe liue
A niggard of his teares;
The *Shepheardeſſes* all will giue
To ſtore him, part of theirs.

Or I would lend him ſome,
But that the ſtore I haue
Will all be ſpent before I pay
The debt I owe his graue.

O what is left can make me leaue to mone!
Or what remains but doth increaſe it more!
Looke on his sheepe: alas! their maſters gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore

With locked arms haue vowd our loue,
(Our loue which time ſhall ſee
In ſhepheards ſongs for euer moue,
And grace their harmony)

It ſolitary ſeemes.
Behold our flowrie beds;
Their beauties fade, and Violets
For ſorrow hang their heads.

Tis not a Cypreſſe bough, a count'nance ſad,
A mourning garment, wailing Elegie,
A ſtanding herſe in ſable veſture clad,
A Toombe built to his names eternitie,

Although the ſhepheards all ſhould ſtriue
By yearly obſequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame aliue
In ſpight of deſtinies

That can ſuppreſſe my griefe:
All theſe and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My greateſt loſſe of thee

Cypreſſe may fade, the countenance bee changed,
A garment rot, an Elegie forgotten,
A herſe 'mongſt irreligious rites bee ranged,
A toombe pluckt down, or elſe through age be rotten:

All things th'vnpartiall hand of Fate
Can raze out with a thought,
Theſe haue a ſeu'rall fixed date,
Which ended, turne to nought.

Yet ſhall my trueſt cauſe
Of ſorrow firmly ſtay,
When theſe effects the wings of Time
Shall fanne and ſweepe away.

Looke as a ſweet Roſe fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th'enamour'd morne,
Vntill ſome keene blaſt from the enuious North,
Killes the ſweet budd that was but newly borne,

Or elſe her rareſt ſmels delighting
Make her, her ſelfe betray
Some white and curious hand inuiting
To plucke her thence away.

So ſtands my mournfull caſe,
For had he beene leſſe good,
He yet (vncropt) had kept the ſtocke
Whereon he fairely ſtood.

Yet though ſo long hee liu'd not as hee might,
Hee had the time appointed to him giuen.
Who liueth but the ſpace of one poore night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that *Euen.*

Who euer doth the period ſee
Of dayes by heau'n forth plotted,
Dyes full of age, as well as hee
That had more yeares alotted.

In ſad Tones then my verſe
Shall with inceſſant teares
Bemoane my hapleſſe loſſe of him
And not his want of yeares.

In

In deepeſt paſſions of my griefe-ſwolne breaſt
(Sweete ſoule!) t is onely comfort ſeizeth me,
That ſo few yeares ſhould make thee ſo much bleſt,
And gaue ſuch wings to reach ETERNITY.

Is this to dye? No: as a ſhippe
Well built, with eaſie winde
A lazy hulke doth farre out-ſtrippe,
And ſooneſt harbour finde:

So PHILARETE fled,
Quicke was his paſſage giuen,
When others muſt haue longer time
To make them fit for heauen.

Then not for thee theſe briny teares are ſpent,
But as the Nightingale againſt the breere
Tis for my ſelfe I moane, and doe lament
Not that thou left'ſt the world, but left'ſt mee heere.

Heere, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleaſing powre,
All glorious dayes ſeeme vgly nights,
Me thinkes no Aprill ſhowre

Embroder ſhould the earth,
But briny teares diſtill,
Since FLORA's beauties ſhall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

And

And yee his ſheepe (in token of his lacke)
Whilome the faireſt flocke on all the plaine:
Yeane neuer Lambe, but bee it cloath'd in blacke.
Yee ſhady *Sicamours* ! when any Swaine,
To earue his name vpon your rinde
Doth come, where his doth ſtand,
Shedde droppes, if he be ſo vnkinde
To raze it with his hand.
And thou my loued *Muſe*
No more ſhould'ſt numbers moue,
But that his name ſhould euer liue,
And after death my loue.

This ſaid, he ſigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the heauens for what he miſt on earth;
Then from the earth, full ſadly gan ariſe
As farre from future hope as preſent mirth,
Vnto his Cote with heauy pace
As euer ſorrow trode
He went, with minde no more to trace
Where mirthfull Swaines abode,
And as he ſpent the day,
The night he paſt alone,
Was neuer *Shepheard* lou'd more deere,
Nor made a truer mone.

TO THE VERTVOVS and much lamenting Sisters of my euer admired friend, Mr THOMAS MANVVOOD.

To me more known then you, is your sad chance,
Oh! had I still enioy'd such ignorance;
Then, I by these spent teare[s] [n]ot bin known,
Nor left anothers griefe t[o] [s]ing mine owne.

Yet since his fate hath wrought these throes
Permit a Partner in your woes
The cause doth yeeld, and still may do
Enough for YOV, and others too
But if such plaints for YOV are kep.
Yet may I grieue since you haue wept.
For hee more perfect growes to bee
That feeles anothers MISERIE
And though these drops w[ith] mourning run
From seuerall Fountaines first begun,
And some farre off, some neerer fleete
They will (at last) in one streame meete
Mine shal with yours, yours mix with mine
And make one Offring at his Shrine:

For whose ETERNITIE on earth, my Muse
To build this ALTAR, did her best skill vse;
And that you, I, and all that held him deere,
Our teares and sighes might freely offer heere.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The Fifth Eglogve.

To his ingenious friend Mr. Christopher Brooke.

The Argvment.

Willy incites his friend to write
Things of a higher fame
Then silly Shepheards vse endite
Vaild in a Shepheards name.

Willy and Cvtty.

Morne had got the start of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their shouels and their spades
For the field, and (as their trades)

Or at hedging wrought, or ditching
For their food more then enritching.
When the shepheards from the fold
All their bleating charges told,
And (full carefull) search'd if one
Of all their flocke were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cul'd)
Any had their fleeces pul'd:
'Mongst the rest (not least in care)
CVTTY to his fold gan fare,
And yong WILLY (that had giuen
To his flocke the latest euen
Neighbourhood with CVTTY's sheep)
Shaking off refreshing sleepe,
Hy'd him to his charge that blet;
Where he (busied) CVTTY met.
Both their sheepe told, and none mist
Of their number; then they blist
PAN, and all the Gods of plaines
For respecting of their traines
Of silly sheepe; and in a song
Praise gaue to that holy throng.
Thus they draue their flockes to graze,
Whose white fleeces did amaze
All the Lillies, as they passe
Where their vsuall feeding was.
Lillies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleasing feature
Then a sheepe, by natures duty
Should be crownd with far more beauty
Then a Lilly; and the powre
Of white in sheepe, outgoe a flowre:
From the middle of their sprout
(Like a Furies sting) thrust out

part-like forks in death to steep them,
But great PAN did safely keepe them;
And affoorded kinde repaire
To their dry and wonted laire,
Where their maisters (that did eye them)
Vnderneath a *Haw-thorne* by them,
On their pipes thus gan to play,
And with rimes weare out the day.

Willie.

CEase CVTTY: cease, to feed these simple Flockes,
And for a Trumpet change thine Oaten-reeds;
O're-looke the vallies as aspiring rockes,
And rather march in steele, then shepheards weeds.
Beleeue me CVTTY! for heroicke deeds
Thy verse is fit; not for the liues of Swaines,
(Though both thou canst do well) and none proceeds
To leaue high pitches for the lowly plaines:
Take thou a Harpe in hand, striue with APOLLO;
Thy Muse was made to lead, then scorne to follow.

Cuttie.

WILLY: to follow sheepe I ne're shall scorne;
Much lesse to follow any Deity;
Who 'gainst the Sun (though weakned by the morne)
Would vie with lookes, needeth an Eagles eye,
I dare not search the hidden mistery
Of tragicke Scenes; nor in a buskin'd stile
Through death and horror march, nor their height sly
Whose pens were fed with blood of this faire Ile.
It shall content me, on these happy downes
To sing the strife for garlands, not for crownes.

Willie.

O who would not aſpire, and by his wing
Keep ſtroke with fame, and of an earthly iarre
Another leſſon teach the Spheres to ſing?
Who would a ſhepheard that might be a ſtar?
See learned *Cutty*, on yond mountaines are
Cleere ſprings ariſing, and the climbing goat
That can get vp, hath water cleerer farre
Then when the ſtreames do in the vallies float.
What mad-man would a race by torch-light run
That might his ſteps haue vſher'd by the Sunne?

We Shepheards tune our layes of Shepheards loues,
Or in the praiſe of ſhady groues, or ſprings;
We ſeldome heare of CITHEREA'S Doues,
Except when ſome more learned Shepheard ſings;
And equall meed haue to our ſonetings:
A Belt, a ſheep-hooke, or a wreath of flowres,
Is all we ſeeke; and all our verſing brings,
And more deſerts then theſe are ſeldome ours.
But thou whoſe muſe a falcons pitch can ſore
Maiſt ſhare the bayes euen with a *Conqueror*.

Cuttie.

Why doth not WILLY then produce ſuch lines
Of men and armes as might accord with theſe?

Willie.

'Cauſe *Cuttie's* ſpirit not in *Willy* ſhines,
Pan cannot weild the Club of *Hercules*,
Nor dare a *Merlin* on a *Heron* ſeiſe.
Scarce know I how to fit a ſhepheards eare;
Farre more vnable ſhall I be to pleaſe
In ought, which none but ſemi-gods muſt heare;
When by thy verſe (more able) time ſhall ſee
Thou canſt giue more to kings then kings to thee.

Cuttie.

But (wel-a-day) who loues the muſes now?
Or helpes the climber of the ſacred hill?
None leane to them: but ſtriue to diſalow
All heauenly dewes the goddeſſes diſtill.

Willie.

Let earthly mindes baſe mucke for euer fill,
Whoſe muſicke onely is the chime of gold,
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quil!
As they of learning thinke, ſo of them hold.
And if ther's none deſerues what thou canſt doe,
Be then the Poet and the Patron too.

I tell thee *Cuttie*, had I all the ſheepe
With thrice as many moe, as on theſe plaines
Or ſhepheard or faire maiden ſits to keepe,
I would them all forgoe, ſo I thy ſtraines
Could equalize: O how our neateſt ſwaines
Do trim themſelues, when on a holy-day
They haſt to heare thee ſing, knowing the traines
Of faireſt Nymphs wil come to learne thy lay.
Well may they run and wiſh a parting neuer, (uer.
So thy ſweet tongue might charme their eares for e-

Cuttie.

Theſe attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Beſtow them where true merit hath aſſign'd;

Willie.

And do I not? beſtowing them on thee:
Beleeue me *Cuttie*, I doe beare this minde,
That whereſo'ere we true deſeruing finde,
To giue a ſilent praiſe is to detract;

Obſcure thy verſes (more then moſt refin'd)
From any one, of dulneſſe ſo compact.
And rather ſing to trees then to ſuch men,
Who know not how to crowne a Poets pen.

Cuttie.

WILLY, by thy incitement I'le aſſay
To riſe my ſubiect higher then tofore,
And ſing it to our Swaines next holy-day,
Which (as approu'd) ſhall fill them with the ſtore
Of ſuch rare accents; if diſlik'd, no more
Will I a higher ſtraine then ſhepheards vſe,
But ſing of Woods and Riuers as before.

Willie.

Thou wilt be euer happy in thy Muſe.
But ſee, the radiant Sun is gotten hye,
Let's ſeeke for ſhadow in the groue hereby.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The Sixth Eglogve.

The Argvment.

Philos of his Dogge doth bragge
For hauing many feates;
The while the Curre vndoes his bagge,
And all his dinner eates.

Willy. Iockie. Philos.

Willy.

Stay Iockie, let vs rest here by this spring,
And Philos too, since we so well are met;
This spreading Oke will yeeld vs shadowing
Till *Phœbus* steeds be in the Ocean wet.

Iockie

Iockie.

Gladly (kind ſwaine) I yeeld, ſo thou wilt play
And make vs merry with a Roundelay.

Philos.

No *Iockie*, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and Filberds waxen ripe,
Let's go and fray the Squirrell from his food;
We will another time heare *Willie* pipe.

Willie.

But who ſhall keepe our flockes when we are gone?
I dare not go and let them feed alone.

Iockie.

Nor I: ſince but the other day it fell,
Leauing my ſheep to graze on yonder plaine,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And ere I could return two lambs were ſlaine.

Philos.

Then was thy dogg ill taught, or elſe a ſleepe;
Such Curres as thoſe ſhall neuer watch my ſheepe.

Willie.

Yet *Philos* hath a dogg not of the beſt;
He ſeemes too lazy, and will take no paines,
More fit to lye at home and take his reſt
Then catch a wandring ſheep vpon the plains.

Iockie.

Tis true indeed: and *Philos* wot ye what?
I thinke he playes the Fox he growes ſo fat.

Philos.

Yet hath not *Iockie* nor yet *Willie* seene
A dogge more nimble then is this of mine,
Nor any of the Fox more heedfull beene
When in the shade I slepe, or list to dine.
And though I say't, hath better tricks in store
Then both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often haue the maidens stroue to take him,
When he hath croft the plaine to baike at Crowes?
How many Lasses haue I knowne to make him
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands so wondrous trim,
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.

And when I list (as often-times I vse)
To tune a *Horne-pipe*, or a *Morris-dance*,
The dogge (as hee by nature could not chuse)
Seeming asleepe before, will leap and dance.

Willie.

Belike your dog came of a *Pedlers* brood,
Or *Philos* musicke is exceeding good.

Philos.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my Reed,
(Though of my reed and him I wel may boast)
Yet if you will aduenture that some meed
Shall be to him that is in action most,
As for a Collar of shrill sounding bels
My dog shall striue with yours, or any's els.

Iockie.

Iockie.

PHILOS in truth I must confesse your *Wagge*
(For so you call him) hath of trickes good store,
To steale the vittailes from his maisters bagge,
More cunningly, I nere saw dogge before.
See WILLY, see! I prithee PHILOS note
How fast thy bread & cheese goes down his throte.

Willie.

Now PHILOS see how mannerly your Curre,
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,
Deuoures your Dinner.

Philos.

I wish 'twere a burre
To choke the Mungrell!

Iockie.

See how cleane he lickes
Your Butter-boxe; by *Pan*, I doe not meanly
Loue *Philos* dog that loues to be so cleanly.

Philos.

Well flouted IOCKIE.

Willie.

PHILOS! run amaine,
For in your scrip hee now hath thrust his head
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;
See how he blind-fold stragsalong the mead;
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke.
He loues your meat, but cares not for your drinke.

Iockie.

I, so it seemes: and PHILOS now may goe
Vnto the wood, or home for other cheere.

Philos

Philos.

Twere better he had neuer ſeru'd me ſo,
Sweet meat, ſowre ſauce, he ſhal abye it deere.
What muſt he be aforehand with his maiſter?

Willie.

Onely in kindneſſe hee would be your taſter.

Philos.

Well *Willy*, you may laugh, and vrge my ſpleen;
But by my hooke I ſweare he ſhall it rue,
And had far'd better had hee faſting been.
But I muſt home for my allowance new.
So farewell lads. Looke to my fleeced traine
Till my returne.

Iockie.

We will.

Willie.

Make haſte againe.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

THE SEVENTH EGLOGVE.

THE ARGVMENT.

PALINODE intreates his friend
To leaue a wanton Lasse;
Yet hee pursues her to his end
And to all Councell passe.

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

WHither wends *Hobbinoll* so early day?
What be thy Lamkins broken from the fold,
And on the plaines all night haue run astray?
Or are thy sheepe and sheep-walkes both y sold?
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the field
Without thy sheepe? thou wert not wont to yeeld

To

To idle ſport,
But didſt reſort
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed
As any ſhepheard that his flocke hath fed
Vpon theſe downes.

Hobbinoll.

Such heauy frownes
Fortune for others keepes; but bends on me
Smiles would befit the ſeat of maieſtie.
Hath *Palinode*
Made his abode
Vpon our plaines, or in ſome vncouth Cell?
That heares not what to *Hobbinoll* befell;
Phillis the faire, and faireſt is there none,
To morrow muſt be linkt in marriage bands,
Tis I that muſt vndo her virgin Zone.
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

Palinode.

Behold the man? Nay then the woman too,
Though both of them are very ſmal beholding
To any powre that ſet them on to wooe;
Ah *Hobbinoll*! it is not worth vnfolding
What ſhepheards ſay of her; thou canſt not chuſe
But heare what language all of *Phillis* vſe;
Yet, then ſuch tongues,
To her belongs
More men to ſate her luſt; vnhappy elfe!
That wilt be bound to her to looſe thy ſelfe.
Forſake her firſt.

Hobbinoll.

Hobinoll.

Thou most accurſt!
Durſt thou to ſlander thus the innocent,
The graces patterne, Vertues preſident?
She, in whoſe eye
Shines modeſty,
Vpon whoſe brow luſt neuer lookes with hope,
Venus rul'd not in *Phillis* Horoſcope;
Tis not the vapour of a Hemblocke ſtem
Can ſpoile the perfume of ſweet Cynnamon;
Nor vile aſperſions, or by thee or them
Caſt on her name, can ſtay my going on.

Palinode.

On maiſt thou goe, but not with ſuch a one,
Whom (I dare ſweare) thou knowſt is not a maid:
Remember when I met her laſt alone
As wee to yonder Groue for ſilberds ſtraid,
Like to a new-ſtrook *Doe* from out the buſhes,
Lacing herſelfe, and red with gameſome bluſhes
Made towards the greene,
Loth to be ſeene:
And after in the groue the goatheard met:
What ſaidſt thou then? If this preuaile not, yet
I'le tell thee moe.
Not long agoe
Too long I lou'd her, and as thou doſt now
Would ſweare *Diana* was leſſe chaſte then ſhe,
That *Iupiter* would court her, knew he how
To finde a ſhape might tempt ſuch chaſtity:
And that her thoughts were pure, as new-falne ſnow,
Or ſiluer ſwans that trace the bankes of *Poe*,
And free within
From ſpot of ſin:

Yet

Yet like the flinte her luſt-ſwolne breaſt conceal'd
A hidden fire; and thus it was reueal'd:
Cladon, the Lad
Who whilome had
The Garland giuen for throwing beſt the barre,
I know not by what chance or lucky ſtar
Was choſen late
To bee the mate
Vnto our Lady of the gleeſome May
And was the firſt that danc'd each holyday,
None would hee take but *Phillis* forth to dance,
Nor any could with *Phillis* dance but hee,
On *Palinode* ſhee thenceforth not a glance
Beſtowes, but hates him and his pouerty,
Cladon had ſheepe and lims for ſtronger lode
Then ere ſhee ſaw in ſimple *Palinode*,
Hee was the man
Muſt clip her than,
For him ſhee wreathes of flowers, and chaplets made,
To ſtrawberries inuites him in the ſhade,
In ſheering time
And in the prime
Would helpe to clip his ſheepe, and gard his lambs,
And at a need lend him her choiceſt rams,
And on each ſtocke
Worke ſuch a clocke
With twiſted couloured thred, as not a Swaine
On all theſe downes could ſhew the like againe.
But as it ſeemes, the Well grew dry at laſt,
Her fire vnquench'd; and ſhee hath *Cladon* left,
Nor was I ſorry; nor do wiſh to taſte
The fleſh whereto ſo many flyes haue cleft.
Oh *Hobbinoll*! Canſt thou imagine ſhee
That hath ſo oft beene tryde ſo oft miſdone,

Can from all other men bee true to thee?
Thou knowst with mee, with *Cladon*, shee hath gone
Beyond the limites that a maiden may,
And can the name of wife those rouings stay?
Shee hath not ought
That's hid, vnsought,
These eyes, these hands, so much know of that woman
As more thou canst not; can that please that's cõmon?
No: should I wed,
My marriage bed
And all that it containes, should as my heart
Be knowne but to my selfe; if wee impart
What golden rings
The Fairie brings,
Wee loose the lem nor will they giue vs more,
Wiues loose their value if once knowne before.
Behold this Violet that cropped lyes,
I know not by what hand first from the stem,
With what I plucke my selfe shall I it prise?
I scorne the offals of a Diadem.
A Virgins bed hath millions of delights
If then good parents please shee know no more:
Nor hath her seruants nor her fauorites
That waite her husbands issuing at dore:
Shee that is free both from the act and eye
Onely deserues the due of Chastitie.
But *Phillis* is
As farre from this,
As are the Poles in distance from each other
Shee well beseemes the daughter of her mother.
Is there a brake
By Hill or Lake
In all our plaines that hath not guilty beene
In keeping close her stealths; the Paphian Queene

Ne're

Ne're vs'd her skill
To win her will
Of yong *Adonis*, with more heart then shee
Hath her allurements spent to work on mee.
Leaue, leaue her *Hobinol*; shee is so ill
That any one is good that's nought of her,
Though she be faire, the ground which oft we till
Growes with his burden old and barrenner.

Hobbinoll.

With much ado, and with no little paine
Haue I out-heard thy railing 'gainst my loue:
But it is common, what wee cannot gaine
Wee oft disualew; sooner shalt thou moue
Yond lofty Mountain from the place it stands,
Or count the Medowes flowers, or *Isis* sands
Then stirre one thought
In mee, that ought
Can be in *Phillis* which *Diana* faire
And all the Goddesses would not wish their.
Fond man then cease
To crosse that peace
Which *Phillis* vertue and this heart of mine
Haue well begun; and for those words of thine
I do forgiue
If thou wilt liue
Hereafter free from such reproaches mee,
Since goodnesse neuer was without her foe.

Palinode.

Releeue mee *Hobinoll* what I haue said
Was more in loue to thee then hate to her:

Thinke on thy liberty; let that bee weigh'd;
Great good may oft betide if wee deferre
And vſe ſome ſhort delayes ere marriage rites
Wedlocke hath daies of toile as ioyſome nights.
Canſt thou bee free
From iealouſy?
Oh no: that plague will ſo infect thy braine
That onely death muſt worke thy peace againe.
Thou canſt not dwell
One minute well
From whence thou leau'ſt her; locke on her thy gate
Yet will her minde bee ſtill adulterate.
Not *Argos* eyes
Nor ten ſuch ſpies
Can make her onely thine; for ſhee will do
With thoſe, that, ſhall make thee miſtruſt them too.

Hobbinoll.

Wilt thou not leaue to taint a virgines name?

Palinode.

A virgine? yes: as ſure as is her mother.
Doſt thou not heare her good report by fame?

Hobbinoll.

Fame is a lyer and was neuer other.

Palinode.

Nay, if ſhee euer ſpoke true; now ſhee did:
And thou wilt once confeſſe what I foretold
The fire will bee diſcos'd that now lies hid,
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
Yet may ſhee (if that poſſible can fall)
Bee true to thee that hath beene falſe to all.

Hobbinoll.

Ho bb inoll.

So pierce the rockes
A Red-breasts knockes
As the beleefe of ought thou tell'ſt mee now.
Yet bee my gueſt to morrow.

Pallinode.

Speed your plough.
I feare ere long
You'le ſing a ſong
Like that was ſung heereby not long ago.
Where there is carrion neuer wants a crow.

Hobinoll.

Ill tutor'd Swaine,
If one the plaine
Thy ſheep hence-forward come where mine do feed,
They ſhall bee ſure to ſmart for thy miſdeed.

Palinode.

Such are the thankes a friends fore-warning brings.
Now by the loue I euer bore thee, ſtay!
Meete not miſhaps! themſelues haue ſpeedy wings.

Hobbinoll.

It is in vaine. Farewell. I muſt away.

FINIS. W. B.

OTHER EGLOGVES:

BY
Mr. BROOKE, Mr. WITHER,
and Mr. DAVIES.



LONDON
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1614.

To his much loued friend Mr *W. Browne of the* Inner Temple. D. D.

Cuttie.

Willy well met, now whiles thy flockes do feed
So dangerlesse, and free from any feare;
Lay by thy Hooke, and take thy pleasant Reed,
And with thy melody rebleſſe mine eare,
Which (vpon Lammas last) and on this plaine,
Thou plaidst so sweetly to thy skipping Traine.

Willy.

I *Cutty*, then I plaid vnto my sheepe
Notes apt for them, but farre vnfit for thee;
How should my layes (alas) true measure keepe
With thy choyce eares, or make thee melodie:
For in thy straine thou do'st so farre exceede,
Thou canst not relliſh such my homely Reede.

Cutty.

Cuttie.

Thy niceneſſe ſhewes thy cunning, nothing more,
Yet ſince thou ſeem'ſt ſo lowly in thy thought;
(Who in thy Paſtorall veine, and learned lore
Art ſo much prais'd; ſo farre and neere art ſought.)
Lend me thine eares, and thou ſhalt heare me ſing
In praiſe of Shepheards, and of thee their King.

MY loued WILLY, if there be a Man
That neuer heard of a browne colour'd Swan;
Whoſe tender Pinions ſcarcely fledg'd in ſhow
Could make his way with whiteſt Swans in Poe;
Or if there be among the Spawne of earth,
That thinkes ſo vilely of a ſhepheards birth,
That though he tune his Reed in meaneſt key,
Yet in his braine holds not heauen, earth, and ſea:
Then let him know, thou art that yong browne Swan,
That through the winding ſtreames of Albion
Taking thy courſe doſt ſeeme to make thy pace
With flockes full plum'd equall in loue and grace;
And thou art he (that though thy humble ſtraines
Do moue delight to thoſe that loue the plaines:)
Yet to thy ſelfe (as to thy ſort) is giuen
AIACOBS ſtaffe, to take the height of Heauen;
And with a naturall Coſmography,
To comprehend the earths rotunditie:
Beſides the working plummet of thy braine,
Can ſound the deepes, and ſecrets of the maine:
For if the Shepheard a true figure be
Of Contemplation (as the learn'd agree)
Which in his ſeeming reſt, doth (reſtleſſe) moue
About the Center, and to Heau'n aboue;
And in his thought is onely bounded there,
See's Natures chaine faſtned to IOVES high Chaire,

Then

Then thou (that art of PAN the ſweeteſt Swaine
And farre tranſcending all his lowly traine)
In thy diſcourſiue thought, do'ſt range as farre
Nor canſt thou erre; led by thine owne faire ſtarre.
Thought hath no priſon and the minde is free
Vnder the greateſt King and tyrannie.
Though low thou ſeem'ſt thy *Genius* mounts the Hill
Where heauenly *Nectar* doth from *Ioue* diſtill;
Where *Bayes* ſtill grows (by thunder not ſtruck down)
The Victors-Garland; and the Poets-Crowne,
And vnderneath the Horſe-foote-fount doth flow,
Which giues Wit verdure, and makes learning grow.
To this faire Hill (from ſtormes and tempeſts free.)
Thou oft repair'ſt for Truthes diſcouery,
A proſpect vpon all times wandring mazes
Diſplaying vanity; diſcloſing graces,
Nay in ſome cliffe it leades the eye beyond
The times horizon ſtripping ſea and land.
And farther (not obſcurely) doth deuine
All future times: Heere do the Muſes ſhine,
Heere dignity with ſafety do combine,
Pleaſure with merite make a louely twine.
Vitam vitalem they ſhall euer leade
That mount this hill and Learning's path do treade:
Heere admiration without enuie wonne,
All in the light, but in the heate ſit none.
And to this Mount thou doſt tranſlate thine Eſſence
Although the plaines containe thy corporal preſence,
Where though poore peoples miſery thou ſhewe
That vnder gaping Lords they vndergoe,
And what content they (that do loweſt lye)
Receiue from Good-men; that do ſit on hye.
And in each witty Ditty (that ſurpaſſes)
Doſt (for thy loue) make ſtrife 'mongſt Country laſſes

Yet

Yet in thy humble ſtraine; Fame makes thee riſe
And ſtrikes thy mounting forehead 'gainſt the skies
Renowned friend; what Trophe may I raiſe
To memorize thy name; would I could praiſe
(In any meane) thy worth; ſtrike enuy dumbe,
But I dye heere; thou liu'ſt in time to come;
States haue their Period ſtatues loſt with ruſt:
Soules to *Elizium*, Nature yeelds to duſt,
All monuments of Armes and Power decay,
But that which liues to an Eternall day,
Letters preſerue; Nay Gods, with mortall men
Do ſimpathize by vertue of the penne.
And ſo ſhalt thou: ſweete *Willy* then proceede
And in eternall merite fame thy Reede.
Pan to thy fleeced numbers giue increaſe
And *Pales* to thy loue-thoughts giue true peace
Let faire *Feronia* (Goddeſſe of the woods)
Preſerue thy yong Plants multiply thy buds.
And whiles thy Rams do Tup, thy Ewes do twyn
Do thou in peacefull ſhade (from mens rude dyn)
Adde Pinyons to thy Fame: whoſe actiue wit
With *Hermes* winged cap doth ſuite moſt fit.

Chriſtopher Brooke.

THESIS

THIRSIS AND ALEXIS.

Thirsis.

ALEXIS if thy worth do not disdaine
The humble friendship of a meaner Swaine;
Or some more needfull businesse of the day
Vrge thee to bee too hasty on thy way;
Come (gentle shepheard) rest thee here by me
Vnder the shadow of this broad-leau'd tree:
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Obserues in thee the markes of curtesie:
And if my iudgement erre not, noted too
More then in those that more would seeme to doe:
Such vertues thy rude modestie doth hide
Which by thy proper lustre I espy'd;
And though long mask't in silence they haue beene,
I haue a wisedome through that silence seene:
Yea I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealement sung:

Which

Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely shade.
And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spye
Such worth in me to make me knowne thereby,
In thee I doe; for here my neigbouring sheepe
Vpon the border of these downes I keepe:
Where often thou at Pastorals and playes
Hast grac'd our Wakes on Sommer Holy-dayes:
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to heare your learned shepherds sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady groues,
And in chast Sonnets woe their chaster loues:
When I endued with the meanest skill,
Mongst others haue been vrg'd to tune my quill,
Where (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou saw'st me, though thou knew'st me not.

Alexis.

Yes *Thirsis* I doe know thee and thy name,
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame,
Art not thou hee, that but this other yeare,
Scard'st all the Wolues and Foxes in the sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately try'd
(Hauing scarce twenty Satyres on thy side)
Held'st play: and though assailed, kept'st thy stand
Gainst all the best-try'd Ruffians in the land:
Did'st thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great *Pan* was gone;
And at the wedding of faire THAME and RHYNE,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I must confesse that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:

For

For till I markt the aime thy Satyrs had,
I thought them ouerbold and Thirsis mad,
But since I did more neerely on thee looke
I soone perceiu'd that I had all mistooke;
I saw that of a Cynicke thou madst show
Where since I find that thou were nothing so,
And that of many thou much blame hadst got
When as thy Innocence deseru'd it not.
But this too good opinion thou hast seem'd
To haue of mee (not so to bee esteem'd)
Preuailes not ought to stay him who doth feare
Hee rather should reproofes then praises heare
'Tis true I found thee plaine and honest too
Which made mee like then loue, as now I do
And *Thirsis* though a stranger this I say
Where I do loue I am not coy to stay.

Thirsis.

THankes gentle Swayne that dost so soone vnfold
What I to thee as gladly would haue told
And thus thy wonted curtesie expresst
In kindly entertaining this request:
Sure I should iniury my owne content
Or wrong thy loue to stand on complement,
Who hast acquaintance in one word begunne
As well as I could in an age haue done:
Or by an ouer weaning slowenesse marre
What thy more wisedome hath brought on so farre;
Then sit thou downe and I'le my minde declare
As frely, as if wee familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to giue mee eare
Something thou maist for thy more profite heare.

Alexis

Alexis.

Willingly *Thirsis* I thy wish obey.

Thirsis.

Then know *Alexis* from that very day
When as I saw thee at that Shepheards Coate
Where each I thinke of other tooke first noate,
I meane that Pastor who by *Tawies* springs
Chaste Shepheards loues in sweetest numbers sings,
And with his Musicke (to his greater fame)
Hath hee made proud the fairest Nimphes of Tham
E'ne then mee thought I did espy in thee
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee
Which in thy more apparant vertues shin'd
And among many I in thought deuin'd,
By something my conceit had vnderstood
That thou wert markt one of the Muses brood
That made mee loue thee: And that loue I beare
Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty Care:
Pitty I had to see good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to haue that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse
To possesse much and yet put nought in vse:
Heereon I vow'd (if wee two euer met)
The first request that I would striue to get
Should bee but this that thou wouldst shew thy skill,
How thou couldst tune thy verses to thy quill:
And teach thy Muse in some well framed song,
To shew the Art thou hast suppresst so long:
Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine
Thirsis will euer honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas! my ſmall experience ſcarce can tell
So much as where thoſe Nymphes the Muſes dwell,
Nor (though my ſlow conceit ſtill trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of Hellicon;
Or if I might ſo fauour'd be to taſte
What thoſe ſweet ſtreames but ouer-flow in waſte,
And touch *Parnaſſus* where it low'ſt doth lye,
I feare my skill would hardly flagge ſo hye.

Thirſis.

Deſpaire not Man the Gods haue prized nought
So deere that may not be with labour bought,
Nor need thy paine be great ſince Fate and Heauen
They (as a bleſſing) at thy birth haue giuen.

Alexis.

Why ſay they had. *Th.* Then vſe their gifts thou muſt,
Or be vngratefull, and ſo be vniuſt:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefites do hide,
Then more vngratefull muſt he be by oddes
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but Enuy hateth thoſe
Who ſeeking fame their hidden skill diſcloſe:

Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying:
Critickes will censure our best straines of Wit,
And purblinde Ignorance misconster it.
All which is bad: yet worse then this doth follow,
Most hate the Muses, and contemne APOLLO.

Thirsis.

So let them; why should we their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of our selues can deeme?
Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne;
Can we haue better pastime then to see
Our grosse heads may so much deceiued bee,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly;
Or to behold blacke Enuy in her prime
Die selfe-consum'd whilst we vie liues with time:
And in despight of her, more fame attaine
Then all her malice can wipe out againe.

Alexis.

Yea but if I apply'd me to those straines,
Who should driue forth my flockes vnto the plaines,
Which whilst the Muses rest, and leasure craue,
Must watering, folding and attendance haue.
For if I leaue with wonted care to cherish
Those tender heards: both I and they should perish.

Thirsis.

Thirsis.

Alexis now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake,
Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse
As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse:
But let these two so of each other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy Muse to passe the long and tedious day.
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*
Thy sheep to listen will more neere theo feed,
The wolues will shun them, birds aboue thee sing,
And Lambkins dance about thee in a Ring;
Nay which is more: in this thy low estate
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarkes mate:
For mighty *Pan*, and *Ceres* to vs grants
Our fields and flockes shall helpe our outward wants.
The Muses teach vs songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our lasses on the greenes
As faire, or fairer then the fairest Queenes;
Or what is more then most of them shall do,
Wee'le make their inster fames last longer too,
Hauing our Lines by greatest Princes grac'd
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore *Alexis* though that some disdaine
The heauenly musicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (or'eseene) contemne
The dainties which were here ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other some enuy
The praises due to sacred Poesie,
Let them disdaine and fret till they are wearie,
We in our selues haue that shall make vs merrie:

Which he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Would giue his life that he might dye a Poet.

Alexis.

Thou haſt ſo well (yong *Thirſis*) plaid thy part
I am almoſt in loue with that ſweet Art:
And if ſome power will but inſpire my ſong,
Alexis will not be obſcured long.

Thirſis.

Enough kinde Paſtor: But oh! yonder ſee
Two Shepheards, walking on the lay-banke be,
Cuttie and *Willie*, that ſo dearly loue,
Who are repairing vnto yonder groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made muſicke to their flockes vpon theſe plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents do with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our ſheep the ſhort ſweet graſſe do ſhere
And till the long ſhade of the hilles appeare,
Weele heare them ſing: for though the one be young,
Neuer was any that more ſweetly ſung.

Geo. Wither.

An Eclogue between yong *Willy the ſinger of his na-* tiue Paſtorals, and old WERNOCKE his friend.

Wernocke.

WILLY, why lig'ſt thou (man) ſo w-be-gon?
What? been thy rather Lamkins ill-apaid?
Or, hath ſome drerie chance thy Pipe miſdone?
Or, haſt thou any ſheep-cure miſ-affaid?
Or, is ſome conteck 'twixt thy loue and thee?
Or, elſe ſome loue-warke arſie-varſie tane?
Or, fates leſſe frohicke than they wont to be?
What gars my WILLY that he ſo doth wane?
If it be for thou haſt mis-ſaid, or done,
Take keepe of thine owne councell; and, thou art
As ſheene and cleare fro both-twaine as the Sunne:
For, all Swaines laud thine hauiour, and thine Art.
Ma hap thine heart (that vnneath brooke neglect,
And iealous of thy freſh fame) liggs vpon
Thy rurall ſongs, which rareſt Clarkes affect,
Dreading the deſcant that mote fall thereon.

Droope not for that (man) but vnpleate thy browes,
And blithly, so, fold enuies vp in pleats:
For, fro thy Makings milke, and mellie flowes
To feed the Songster-swaines with Arts soot-meats.

Willie.

Now, sieer *(Wernocke)* thou hast split the marke
Albe that I ne wot I han mis song:
But, for I am so yong, I dread my warke
Woll be misualued both of old and yong.

Wernocke.

Is thilke the cause that thou been ligge so laid,
Who whilom no encheson could fore-haile;
And caitiue-courage nere made misapaid,
But with chiefe yongsters songsters bar'st thy saile?
As swoot as Swans thy straines make Thames to ring
Fro *Coiswould* where her sourse her course doth take,
To her wide mouth which vents thy carolling
Beyond the hether and the further lake.
Than vp (sad swaine) pull fro thy vailed cheeke
Hur prop, thy palme: and let thy Virilaies,
Kill enuious cunning swaines (whom all do seeke)
With enuy, at thine earned gaudy praise.
Vp lither lad, thou reck'st much of thy swinke,
When swinke ne swat thou shouldst ne reck for fame;
At *Aganip* than, lay thee downe to drinke
Vntill thy stomacke swell, to raise thy name.
What though time yet han not bedowld thy Chin?
Thy Dams deere wombe was *Helicon* to thee;
Where (like a Loach) thou drew'st thilke liquor in,
Which on thy heart-strings ran with musickes glee.
Than vp betimes, and make the sullen swaines
With thy shrill Reed such iolly-iouisance

That

That they (entranc'd) ma wonder at thy straines;
So, leaue of thee ne're ending souenance.

Willie.

Ah *Wernocke*, *Wernocke*, so my sp'rits been steept
In dulnesse, through these duller times missawes
Of sik-like musicke (riming rudely cleept.)
That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.
Ah, who (with lauith draughts of *Aganip*)
Can swill their soule to frolick; so, their Muse,
Whan Courts and Camps, that erst the muse did clip,
Do now forlore her; nay, her most abuse?
Now, with their witlesse, causelesse surquedry
They been transpos'd fro what of yore they were,
That Swaines, who but to looser luxurie
Can shew the way, are now most cherisht there.
These times been crimefull (ah) and being so,
Bold Swaines (deft Song'sters) sing them criminall;
So, make themselues oft gleefull in their woe:
For thy tho Songsters are misween'd of all.
Mecænas woont in blonket liueries
Yclad sike chanters; but these miser times
Vncase hem quite, that all may hem despise,
As they don all their best embellisht Rimes.
And Harvest-queenes, of yore, would Chaplets make
To crowne their scalpes that couth most swootly sing,
And giue hem many a gaude at Ale or Wake,
But now ne recke they of soot carrolling.
Enaunter they should be as seeme they would,
Or songen lowdly for so deere desart;
Or else be peregall to Nymphes of old,
From which their beastlihed now freely start.
Than must they latch the blowes of Fates too fell
With their too feeble clowches as they con:

For, none regards or guards hem for their ſpell,
Tho they, on point-deuice, empt *Helicon!*
There nis thilke chiuiſance they whilome had
For piping ſwoote; ſith, with an Heydeguies,
Pipt by *Tom-piper*, or a Lortel-lad,
(So be he clawes hem) they idolatrize. (ſale,
And thoſe that ſhould preſſe proper ſongs for
Bene, in their doomes, ſo dull; in skill, ſo crude;
That they had leauer printen *Iacke* a vale,
Or *Clim o Clough* (alacke) they beene ſo rude!
And ſith ſo few feate Songſters in an age
Bene founden; few do weigh hem as they been,
For, Swaines, that con no skill of holy-rage,
Bene foe-men to faire skils enlawrel'd Queen.
Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent
My wits ſpels to my ſelfe, or vnto thee
(Deer *Wernock*) which doſt feel like miſcontent
Sith thou, and all vnheeded, ſingſt with mee.

Wernock.

Vartue it's ſed (and is an old ſaid-ſaw)
Is for hur ſelfe, to be for ſought alone: (draw,
Then eftſoones fro their caſe thy ſhrill pipes
And make the welkin ringen with their tone.
Of world, ne worly men take thou no keepe,
What the one doth, or what the other ſay;
For ſhould I ſo, I ſo, ſhould Eyne out-weepe:
Than, with mee; *Willy*, ay ſing care-away.
It's wood to be tore-pinde with waſtefull carke
In many a noyfull ſtoure of willing bale
For vading toyes: But trim wits pooreſt wark
The vpper heau'n han hent fro nether Dale.
Thilks all our ſhare of all the quelling heape
Of this worlds good: enough is vs to tell

How

How rude the reſt bene, caduke, & how cheape;
But, laude for well-done warks, don all excell!
For thy we ſhoulden take keepe of our Race
That here wee reunen, and what here we doon
That whan wee wenden till an other place,
Our ſouenance may here, ay-gayly wonne.
For, time will vnderfong vs; and our voice
Woll woxen weake; and, our deuiſing lame;
For, life is briefe; and skils beene long, and choiſe:
Than, ſpend we *Time*, that *Time* may ſpare our *Fame*,
Look how breme Winter chamfers Earths bleeke face;
So, corbed Eld accoyes youths ſurquedry;
And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchaſe,
Inueloped with falling ſnow a hy.
Then nought can be atchieu'd with witty ſhewes,
Sith griefe of Elde accloyen wimble wit;
Than, vs behouen, yer Elde ſick accrewes,
Time to forelay, with ſpels retarding it.
I not what bliſſe is whelm'd with heau'ns coape
So bee the pleaſance of the Muſe be none:
For, when thilk gleeſome ioyes han hallowed ſcope
They beene as thoſe that heau'ns-folke warble on.
I con my good; for, now my ſcalpe is froſt
Yeelding to ſnow; the crow-feete neere mine Eyne
Beene markes of mickle preeſe I haue, that moſt
Of all glees elſe alow, han ſuddaine fine.
O how it garres old *Wernock* ſwynck with glee
In that empriſe that chiuen feateſt fame,
It heats my heart aboue ability
To leaue parduring ſouenance of my name.
And whan mine Engine han heau'd hy my thought,
An that on point-deuice eftſoones y fell,
O! how my heart's ioy-rapt, as I had cought,
A Princedome to my ſhare, of thilk Newell.

They

They beene of pleasances the alderbest:
Than, God to forne; I wol no mo but tho:
Tho beene the summe of all I louen best:
And for hem loue I life; elſe nold I ſo.
Driue on thy flocke than, to the motley plaines
Where by ſome prill, that 'mong the Pibbles plods,
Thou, with thyne Oaten reede, and queinteſt straines,
Maiſt rapt the *ſeniar* Swaines, and *minor* Gods:
That as on *Ida* that mych-famed Mount,
A Shepheard Swaine; that ſung leſſe ſoote than thou,
By light loues Goddeſſe, had the grace to mount
To owe the ſheeneſt Queene that Earth did owe:
So, thou maiſt, with thy paſt'rall Minſtralſy
Beating the aire, atweene reſounding Hils,
Draw to thee Bonibels as ſmirke, as hy,
And wrap hem in thy loue begrey their wils:
For (ah) had *Phœbus* Clarkes the meanes of ſome
Worſe Clarkes (paravnter) ſo to ſing at eaſe;
They ſoone would make high long-wing'd haggards
And vaile vnto their Lures: ſo, on hem ſeiſe. (come;
For, bright Nymphes buxume Breaſtes do eas'ly ope
To let in thirling notes of noted laies:
For, deftly ſong they han a charming ſcope;
So, Nymphs themſelues adore Brows girt with Bayes.
Than, *Willy* (ah for pitty of thine heart
That droaping yearnes, at miſſes of theſe times)
Take thou thy Pipe, and of glee take thy part;
Or cheere thy ſelfe with cordials of thy Rimes.
Before the worlds ſterne face, the world backe-bite
So ſlyly that her parts ne'it perceiue:
Morall thy matter ſo, that, tho thou ſmite,
Thou maiſt with tickling her dull ſence; deceiue.
Than hy thee, *Willy*, to the neighbour wasts
Where thou (as in another world alone)

Maiſt

Maiſt (while thy flocke do feede) blow bitter blaſts
On thy loudſt Pipe, to make il's pertly knowne.
For, ſith the rude-crude world doon vs miſpleaſe
That well deſerues, tell wee hur hur owne;
And let her ken our cunning can, with eaſe,
Aye ſhend, or lend hur ſempiterne renowne.

Willy.

Ah *Wernicke*, ſo thy ſawes mine heart downe thril
With loue of Muſes skill in ſpeciall,
That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill
Can bee yhugg'd in Lordings pectorall.
Ne would I it let-bee for all the ſtore
In th'vncouth ſcope of both-twain hemiſpheres;
Ynough is mee, *perdy*, nor ſtrine for more
But to be rich in hery for my leeres.
Ne would I ſharen that ſoule-gladding glee
In th'euer gaudy Gardens of the bleſt
Not there to han the Muſes companee,
Which, God to-fore, is of the beſt, the beſt.
Now, *Wernick*, ſhalt thou ſee (ſo mote I thee)
That I nill vſen any skill ſo mytch
(Faire fall my ſwinck) as this ſo nice, and free,
In caſe I may my name to Heauen ſtitch.
For why; I am by kind ſo inly pulde
To theſe delices; that when I betake
My ſelfe to other lore I more am dul'd;
And therefro, keenely ſet, I fall to make.
But, well-away, thy nis the way to thriuen;
And, my neer kith, for that wol ſore me ſhend:
Who little reck how I by kind am giuen;
But hur wold force to ſwinck for thriftier end.

Than,

Hence forward then I muſt aſſay, and con
My leere in leefull lore, to pleaſen them
That, ſib to mee, would my promotion,
And carke for that to prancke our common Stemme:
For, now (as wends the world) no skill to that
(Or rather but that) thriues; ſith Swaines are now
So full of contecke, that they wot ne what
They would; ſo, if they could; they all would owe.
So fares it in calme ſeaſons with curſt men;
If frennes forbeare, at home, hem to inuade,
They wry their peace to noy each other then
By plees, till they deceaſe, or fall, or fade.
So times beene keener now with common Swaynes
Than whan as forraigne toe-men with hem fought:
For, now they ſwyncke, but for ſlye *Law-mens* gaines
Or ſeld they ſhould poſſeſſen what they ought.
But, what for this? to mee it little longs
To gab of ſikliche notes of miſery;
Ynough is mee to chaunten ſwoote my ſongs,
And blend hem with my rurall mynſtrelſy.
But, ô (my *Wernock*) how am I to thee
Obligen, for thy keene reencouragements
To skill ſo mickle lou'd and ſought of mee
As this of making with Arts Elements?
I not how I ſhall thriue therein; ne how
I ſhall be dempt of in theſe nicer times:
But how ſoere ſo thou my workes alow,
I nill bee ill-apaiden with my Rimes.

Wernock.

Thou nedſt not, *Willy*; wretch were I to laude
Thee in thy miſſes: for, I ſo ſhould bee
To th'adultries of thy wits-ſcapes, but a Baude
Ne, as a friend, in ſentence, ſhould bee free.

Than,

Than, wend thou fairely on, with thyne empriſe;
Sing cleerely, *Will*, on mine encouragement,
And other Swaines, more able to deuiſe;
And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.
Ynough is mee ſo I may beare a part
Aye in the Muſes Quire with thoſe and thee;
Il'e ſing (at eaſe) aloud, with cheerefull hart,
No baſe ne meane but Tenor of beſt glee.

Willy.

And I, with thee, woll chaunt each counter-verſe
So ſhrilly that wee'l make thilk Quire to ring
As euer do the Angels; who rehearſe
The loudeſt lauds of heau'ns-Lord whan they ſing.
So, farewell, *Wernock*, mickle thankes to thee
For thy freedome, that canſt ſo well deuiſe:
Phœbus now goes to glade; than now goe wee,
Vnto our ſheddes to reſt vs till he riſe.

Wernock.

Agree'd deere, *Willy*, gent and debonaire,
Wee'l hence: for, rhumaticke now fares the Aire.

Io. Dauies.

FINIS.

To his better beloued, then knowne friend, Mr. Brovvne.

Svch is the fate of some (write) now a daies
Thinking to win and weare, they breake the Bayes,
As a slow Foote-man striuing neere to come
A swifter that before him farre doth runne,
Puft with the hope of Honours gole to winne
Runnes out of Breath yet furtheſt of from him.
So do our moſt of Poets *whoſe Muſe flies*
About for honour: catch poore Butterflies.
But thou faire freind not ranket ſhalt be 'mongſt thoſe
That makes a Mountaine where a Mole-hill growes;
Thou whoſe ſweete ſinging Peis ſuch layes hath writ
That in an old way: teacheth vs new wit:
Thou that wert borne and bred to bee the men
To turne Apollo's *glory into* Pan,
And when thou liſts of Shepheards leaue to write,
To great Apollo *adde againe his light*
For neuer yet, like Shepheards forth haue come
Whoſe Pipes ſo ſweetely play as thine haue done.
Faire Muſe of Browne, *whoſe beauty is as pure*
As women Browne that faire and long'ſt endure
Still mayſt thou as thou doſt a louer moue,
And as thou doſt each mouer may thee loue,
Whilſt I my ſelfe, in loue with thee muſt ſtill,
Brownes *Muſe the faire Browne woman ſtill will call.*

John Onley.
Int. Temp.

THE

AN OTHER ECLOGVE:

BY

Mr. *George Wither.*

Dedicated to his truely louing and worthy friend, Mr W. BROVVNE.



LONDON,
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1614.

ATTACHED TO THIS DOCUMENT

TO HIS TRVLY BELOVED louing friend Mr WILLIAM BROVVNE of the Inner Temple.

Roget. Willie.

PRethee *Willy* tell me this,
What new thing late hapned is,
Thou (that wert the blytheſt lad)
Art become ſo wondrous ſad?
And ſo careleſſe of thy quill,
As if thou had'ſt had no skill.
Thou wert wont to charme thy Flockes,
And among theſe rudeſt rockes
Haſt ſo cheer'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee ſurely croſt,
That thy old wont thou haſt loſt,
But what is't? Haue I ought ſaid
That hath made thee miſapaid?
Hath ſome Churle done thee a ſpight?
Doſt thou miſſe a Lambe to night?
Frownes thy faireſt Shepheards Laſſe?
Or how comes this ill to paſſe?

Is there any discontent
Worse then this my banishment?

Willie.

Why, doth that so euill seeme,
That thou nothing worse dost deeme?
Shepheard, there full many be,
That would change *Contents* with thee.
Those that choose their walkes at will,
On the valley or the Hill.
Or those pleasures boast of can
Groues or fields may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the rest
Wherewithall thy minde is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make vp the troope at sports,
And in company some while
Happens to straine forth a smile:
Feeles more want, more outward smart
And more inward griefe of hart,
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remaineth free.
Thou condemn'st my want of mirth,
But what find'st thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may bee beleeued,
Worth to make me ioy'd, or grieued?
And yet feele I (naitheless)
Part of both I must confesse.
Sel'd, yet for such causes small:
But I grieue not not now at all.

Roget.

Why hath WILLY then so long,
Now forborne his wonted song?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well-tuned *Pastorall*?
And my eares that Musicke barre,
Which I more long after farre
Then the liberty I want.

Willie.

That were very much to grant,
But doth this hold alway lad,
Those that sing not must be sad?
Did'st thou euer that bird heare
Sing well, that sings all the yeare?
Tom the *Piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
Theres a time to slacke the string,
And a time to leaue to sing.

Roget.

Yea, but no man now is still,
That can sing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reason,
Song and *Musicke* are in season.
Now in this sweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride.

The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd vp in her beſt array
Hath inuited all the Swaines,
With the Laſſes of the Plaines,
To attend vpon her ſport
At the places of reſort.
Corridon (with his bold Rout)
Hath already been about
For the elder Shepheards dole:
And fetcht in the *Summer-Pole*;
Whilſt the reſt haue built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a ſhower,
Seil'd ſo cloſe with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.
Now the *Dayrie Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame:
And each doth her ſelfe aduance
To be taken in, to dance.
Euery one that knowes to ſing,
Fits him now for Carrolling:
So doe thoſe that hope for meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reed,
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend
Which a Nymph that hight *Deſart*,
(Long a ſtranger in this part)
With her owne faire hands hath wrought
A rare worke (they ſay) paſt thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For ſhe calles them *Wreathes of Fame*.

She hath ſet in their due place
Euery flower that may grace,
And among a thouſand moe,
(Whereof ſome but ſe ne for ſhow)
She hath woue in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blaſted bee.
Which with *Time* ſhe edg'd about,
That it might not ſhatter out.
And that they might wither neuer,
Intermixt it with *Liue-euer*.
Theſe are to bee ſhar'd among
Thoſe that do excell for ſong:
Or their paſſions can rehearſe
In the ſmooth'ſt and ſweeteſt verſe.
Then for thoſe amid the reſt,
That can play and pipe the beſt,
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather, and a Lambe.
And for thoſe that leapen farre,
Wraſtle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
Ther's appointed guerdons too:
He that beſt the firſt can doe
Shall for his reward be paid,
With a *Sheepe-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine bone, of a ſtrange beaſt,
That men bring from out the weſt.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Taſſel'd with fine coloured thred.
Then for him that's quick'ſt of foote,
A *Cup* of a *Maple-roote*:
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the *Loues* of Pan.

And

And the laſt hath for his due,
A fine Napkin wrought with blew.
Then my *Willy* what moues thee,
Thus forgetfull now to be?
What mak'ſt thou here with a wight
That is ſhut vp from delight:
In a ſolitary den
As not fit to liue with men.
Go my *Willy*, get thee gone,
Leaue me in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*.
Thou art yong, yet ſuch a *Ly*
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canſt fit vnto thy *Quill*.
I with wonder heard thee ſing,
At our laſt yeares Reuelling.
Then I with the reſt was free,
When vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines,
Enuie thy farre ſweeter ſtraines.
Yea I ſaw the *Laſſes* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but herſelfe ſhould heare.
And I know they yet do long
For the reſt due of thy ſong.
Haſte thee then to ſing it forth,
Take the benefit of worth.
And *Deſert* will ſure bequeath
Fames faire garland for thy wreath.

Hye

Hye thee *Willy*, hye away.

Willie.

Roget rather let me ſtay,
And be deſolate with thee,
Then at thoſe their *Reuels* be.
Nought ſuch is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem'ſt it is.
But what ere it be, I muſt
Be content, and ſhall I truſt.
For a ſong I doe not paſſe,
Mong'ſt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my Muſicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the ſame yet fauour not:
Yet I cannot well avow,
They my Carrols diſallow.
But ſuch malice I haue ſpid,
Tis as bad as if they did.

Roget.

Willy, what may thoſe men be,
Are ſo ill to malice thee,

Willie.

Some are worthy-well eſteem'd
Some without worth are ſo deem'd.
Others of ſo baſe a ſpirit,
They haue nor eſteeme, not merit.

Roget.

What's the wrong?

Willie.

A flight offence,
Wherewithall I can diſpence;
But hereafter for their ſake,
To my ſelfe I'le muſicke make.

Roget.

What, becauſe ſome Clowne offends,
Wilt thou puniſh all thy friends?

Willy.

Honeſt *Roget* vnderſtand me,
Thoſe that loue me may command me.
But thou know'ſt I am but young,
And the *Paſterall* I ſung,
Is by ſome ſuppos'd to bee
(By a ſtraine) too high for me:
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour, for my paine.
Truſt me, I do wonder why
They ſhould me my owne deny.
Though I'me yong, I ſcorne to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.

I'le

I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.
Yet I'le keepe my skill in ſtore,
Till I'ue ſeene ſome Winters more.

Roget.

But in earneſt mean'ſt thou ſo?
Then thou art not wiſe, I trow.
Better ſhall aduiſe thee *Pan*,
For thou doſt not rightly than:
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou haſt got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another ſtart of Time:
And make thoſe that ſo fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulneſſe) ſee
That the ſacred *Muſes* can
Make a child in yeares, a man.
It is knowne what thou canſt do,
For it is not long agoe,
When that CVDDY, *Thou*, and I
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunſtanes* charmed Well,
(As ſome preſent there can tell)
Sang vpon a ſudden Theame,
Sitting by the Crimſon ſtreame.
Where, if thou didſt well or no,
Yet remaines the ſong to ſhow.
Much experience more I'ue had,
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)

And would make the world to know it,
But that time will further ſhow it.
Enuy makes their tongues now runne,
More then doubte of what is donne.
For that needs muſt be thy owne,
Or to be ſome others knowne:
But how then wilt ſuit vnto
What thou ſhalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that ſong part to thee:
Nay, were there ſo mad a ſwaine,
Could ſuch glory ſell for gaine;
Phœbus would not haue combin'd
That gift with ſo baſe a mind.
Neuer did the *Nine* impart
The ſweet ſecrets of their Art
Vnto any that did ſcorne
To haue their faire Badge ſeen worne.
Therefore vnto thoſe that ſay,
Were they pleas'd to ſing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I ſpeake, for this I know:
None ere drunke the *Theſpian Spring*,
And knew how, but he did ſing.
For that one infus'd in man,
Makes him ſhew't, doe what he can,
Nay thoſe that doe onely ſip
Or but eu'n their fingers dip
In that ſacred *Fount* (poore Elues)
Of that brood will ſhew themſelues;
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will ſpeake though to their ſhame

Let thoſe then at thee repine,
That by their wits meaſure thine.
Needs thoſe Songs muſt be thy owne,
And that one day will be knowne,
The ſame imputation to,
I my ſelfe doe vndergo:
But it will bee knowne ere long,
I'me abus'd, and thou haſt wrong,
Who at twice ten haſt ſong more
Then ſome will doe at foureſcore.
Cheere thee (honeſt *Willy*) then,
And begin thy ſong agen.

Willy.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will finde ſome other Crimes.
And 'tis no ſafe ventring by,
Where we ſee *Detraction* lye.
For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will pick ſome quarrell out,
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little ſaid, and ſoone amended.

Roget.

See'ſt thou not in cleereſt dayes
Oft thick fogges cloud Heauens rayes?

And

Le

And the vapours that doe breath
From the earths groſſe womb beneath,
Seeme they not with their blacke ſteames,
To polute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vaniſh into aire,
Leauing them (vnblemiſht) faire?
So (my *Willy*) ſhall it bee
With *Detraction's* breath and thee.
It ſhall neuer riſe ſo hye,
As to ſtaine thy Poeſie.
Like the Sunne ſhee oft exhales
Vapours from the rot'neſt vales;
But ſo much her power can doo,
That ſhe may diſſolue them too.
If thy verſe do brauely tower,
As ſhe makes wing, ſhe gets power.
But the higher ſhe doth ſore,
Shee's affronted ſtill the more:
Till ſhe to the high'ſt hath paſt,
Then ſhe reſts with fame at laſt.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very ſtarres I'de clime.
There begin againe and flye
Till I reach'd Æternity.
But (alas) my Muſe is ſlow:
For thy pace ſhe flagges too low.
Yea, the more's her hapleſſe fate,
Her long wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my ſelfe put vp a muing.

But if I my Cage can rid,
I'le flye where I neuer did.
And though for her ſake I'me croſt,
Though my beſt hopes I haue loſt,
And knew ſhe would make my trouble,
Ten times more then ten times double,
I would loue and keepe her toe,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though baniſht from my flockes,
And confin'd within theſe rockes,
Here I waſte away the light,
And conſume the ſullen Night,
She doth for my comfort ſtay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I miſſe the flowry Fields,
With thoſe ſweetes the Spring-tide yeelds,
Though I may not ſee thoſe Groues,
Where the ſhepheards chaunt their Loues,
And the Laſſes more excell,
Then the ſweet-voyc'd *Philomel*.
Though of all thoſe pleaſures paſt,
Nothing now remaines at laſt,
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefe.
She's my minds companion ſtill,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
Whence ſhe ſhould be driuen to,
Were't in mortals power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the mid'ſt of ſorrow;
Makes the deſolateſt place
To her preſence be a grace,

And the blackeſt diſcontents
Be her faireſt ornaments.
In my former dayes of bliſſe,
Her diuine thoughts taught me this,
That from euery thing I ſaw,
I could ſome inuention draw:
And raiſe pleaſure to her highr,
Through the meaneſt obiects ſight,
By the murmur of a ſpring,
Or the leaſt leaues ruſtling.
By a Dazie whoſe leaues ſpred
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed,
Or a ſhady buſh or tree,
She could more infuſe in me,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In ſome other wiſer man.
By her helpe I alſo now,
Make this churliſh place allow
Somthings, that may ſweeten gladneſſe
In the very gall of ſadneſſe.
The dull loaneſſe, the blacke ſhade,
That theſe hanging vaults haue made,
The ſtrange Muſicke of the waues,
Beating on theſe hollow Caues.
This grim den which Rockes emboſſe,
Ouer-growne with eldeſt moſſe.
The rude portals that giue light,
More to *Terror* then *Delight*.
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wal'd about with *Diſreſpect*,
From all theſe, and this dull aire,
A fit obiect for Deſpaire,

Shee hath taught mee by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou best earthly blisse*
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy; thou sweet'st content
That ere Heau'n to mortals lent.
Though they as a trifle leaue thee
Whose dull thoughts can not conceiue thee
Though thou bee to them a scorne
That to nought but earth are borne:
Let my life no longer bee,
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wise ones call it madnesse
Let me neuer taste of gladnesse
If I loue not thy mad'st fits
Aboue all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy
Do account thy raptures folly:
Thou dost teach mee to contemne
What makes *Knaues* and *Fooles* of them.
O high power that oft doth carry
Men aboue

Willy.

Good *Roget* tarry
I do feare thou wilt begon
Quite aboue my reach anon,
The kind flames of Poesy
Haue now borne thy thoughts so high,
That they vp in Heauenbee

And haue quite forgotten mee,
Call thy ſelfe to minde againe
Are theſe Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly ſheepe
And with ſimple heards doth keepe?

Roget.

Thankes my *Willy*, I had runne
Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'ſt not made mee ſtay;
But thy pardon heare I pray.
Lou'd *Apollo's* ſacred fire
Had rais'd vp my ſpirits higher
Through the loue of Poeſy
Then indeed they vſe to flye.
But as I ſaid, I ſay ſtill,
If that I had *Willi's* skill
Enuy nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leaue my ſong;
But I'de ſing it euery day
Till they pin'd themſelues away.
Bee thou then aduis'd in this
Which both iuſt and fitting is,
Finiſh what thou haſt begunne
Or at leaſt ſtill forward runne,
Haile and Thunder ill he'le beare
That a blaſt of wind doth feare:
And if words will thus affray thee?
Prethee how will deeds diſmay thee
Do not thinke ſo rathe a ſong
Can paſſe through the vulgar throng

And eſcape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Froſts wee ſee do nip that thing
Which is forwardſt in the Spring:
Yet at laſt for all ſuch lets
Some what of the reſt it gets:
And I'me ſure that ſo maiſt thou;
Therefore my kind *Willy* now,
Since thy folding time drawes on
And I ſee thou muſt bee gon,
I no more of this will ſay
Till we meete next holiday.

Geor. Wither.

Imitatus eſt Moſchi Ep. Adoniſ. lib.
Idyll. & Meleagri Epigram. Anthолog. lib. 7. *I. S.* olim inter *Otia Ruſtica.*

To his Meliſa.



Loud did *Cytherea* cry,
If you ſtragling *Cupid* ſpy,
And but bring the news to me,
Your reward a Kiſſe ſhall be:
You ſhall (if you him reſtore)
With a Kiſſe, haue ſomething More.

Markes enough the Boy's known by,
Fi'ry Colour, Flamy Eie;
Subtill Heart, and ſweetned Mouth,
Faining ſtill, but Failing Truth;
Daring Viſage, Armes but ſmall;
Yet can Strike vs Gods and all.

Body Naked, Crafty Mind;
Winged as a Bird and blind;
Little Bow, but wounding hearts;
Golden both, and Leaden darts.
Burning Taper; if you find him,
Without pity, look you Bind him.

Pray marke his Teares or Smiles:
Both are falſe, both forged guiles.
Fly it, if a kiſſe He proffer;
Lips inchanting hee will offer,
And his Quiuer, Bow, and Candle,
But none of them ſee you handle.

Poyſoned they are, and ſuch,
As my ſelfe I dare not touch:
Hurt no ſight, yet peirce the Eie,
Thence vaine the Heart they flie.
Warned thus, Pray, take ſome paine,
Thelp mee to my Boy againe.

Thus while Cytherea cry'd him,
Sweet, within Thine Eys I ſpy'd him.
Thence he ſtily ſhot at Mine,
Smote My Heart and crept to Thine.
Pray you, Sweet, the prom'ſt Fee,
Him, Ile ſwear, I did not ſee.

FINIS.